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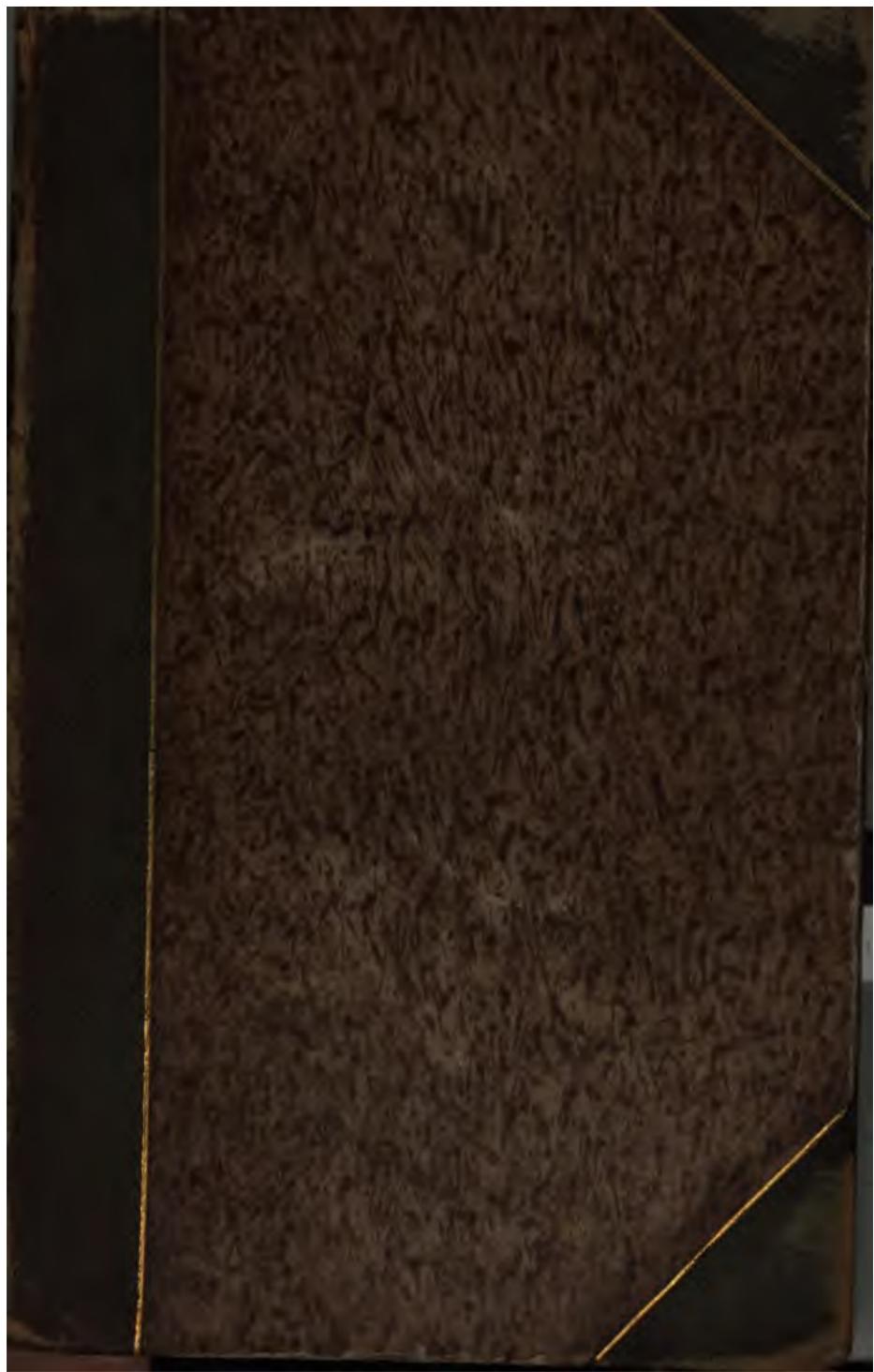
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FROM

THE GIFT OF THE

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

W. D. Durkee
B. & R. Penhance
1868

THE
FAIRY MINSTREL,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

THE
FAIRY MINSTREL,
AND
OTHER POEMS;

BY WILLIAM MILLAR.

"And oh ! it is merry in Fairyland,
There's nothing on earth so sweet,
As the music, the mirth, the soft squeeze of the hand,
And the twinkling of Fairies' feet!"—ANONYMOUS.

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DUMFRIES:

PRINTED AT THE COURIER OFFICE,
By JOHN M'DIARMID, & Co.

*W. Birchall
Birkenhead
1868*

TO

JOHN MACDIARMID, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER,"

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AS A SMALL TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE

AND ESTEEM,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



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THE
Fairy Minstrel.

THE

FAIRY MINSTREL.

Tis Summer—Flora's richest boon
Awakes the warbler's sweetest song,
And on the rosy lips of June
The sighing zephyrs linger long.
'Tis evening—but the western sky
Hath yet a flush of crimson dye ;
And may be seen, on distant hill,
A golden sunbeam resting still,
As if to scare dull night away
Till finish'd is the shepherd's lay,
Or watch the mazy flight of Love
From tree to tree—from grove to grove,
Ere Twilight come, with friendship due,
To veil him in her robes of blue :

And, 'neath the sky of purple light,
How lovely is the earth to sight !
It soothes the heart, it charms the soul,
It breathes delight from pole to pole.

The landscape opens to the eye
A scene of rich embroidery,
Where daisied lea, and silvery lake,
Blue mountain, many-coloured brake,
Rose-garden, rainbow plain, are seen
(All shaded with refreshing green)
To carpet Nature's wide saloon—
Domed with the splendid skies of June.
And now, while far o'er hill and dale,

Bright Sol his race of glory closes,
The balmy dews of evening fall
On flowery fields, and beds of roses,
Still wafting odours from their bloom
That load the land with sweet perfume :
While 'mid the deep dark blue of heaven
Is seen the herald-star of even,
Fast hastening through the twilight sky
To catch a waft of Beauty's sigh,
And witness bear in heaven above
Unto a thousand vows of love.

It is a charming eve!—the earth
Is fill'd with loveliness and mirth,
And 'neath the smile of closing day
Seem happy all—for all are gay.

The blithesome hind hath loosed his teem,
Who long had chid the lingering beam,
That ne'er could cheer his heart, the while
He gazed not on his Jessie's smile;

But now, relieved from toil and care,
He hastes to meet the beauteous fair;
And hark! as wending fast along,
He hums his weighty, warlike song,

Which, though essayed with rustic skill,
Has something of attraction still:

The merry milkmaid tunes a lay,
As soft and sweet as fabled fay
That wakes the lyre in Fairyland
To charm an elvish sashand;

But list! some night-sound meets her ear!
She pauses—deems her William near;
Then, half afraid, resumes again
Her simple, wildly-warbled strain,

With fluttering heart and lightsome air—
Oh! what a glow of bliss is there!

And, flowing deep, from glen and grove
A stream of music rolls along,
That laves around, and waves above,
And gladdens all the earth with song :
On flowery thorn and bending spray
The linnet trills her cheering lay,
While high o'er all the feather'd train
Sublimely sounds the merle's strain,
That meets, as in the air it floats,
A thousand tributary notes,
Then moves in ether, wide and free,
A waving flood of minstrelsy !
But dearest far, lone Philomel,
Among the music of the vale,
Is heard thy mellow lay,
So sweetly sad—so sadly sweet—
With joy or sorrow so replete,
That he who lists its gentle flow
Must pause, and think awhile, to know
Or if 'tis joy—or if 'tis woe,
That claims the doubtful sway :
And all above—beneath—around,
The sky—the earth—the sight and sound,

Give eye and soul, without alloy,
Such foretaste of supernal joy,
The wondering spirit well may deem
That all is but a heavenly dream,
 Unmeet to tarry long,
Of some far fairyland of bliss,
Adorned with peace, and happiness,
 And life, and love, and song !

Oh ! that the heart would ever beat
With joys as innocent and sweet,
As those that in the bosom dwell
When bound in Evening's soothing spell !
And would the scene might ever last,
Whereon the eye, still unoppress'd
 With weariness or woe,
Could gaze for aye, with fond delight,
Nor toils nor cares of day or night.
E'er mar the pleasing bliss, or blight
 Our happiness below !
But in the cup to mankind given,
Howe'er its sweetness taste of heaven,
There ever is a something ill
To prove that men are mortal still.

What though the beauteous earth and sky
Have fill'd my gladden'd soul with bliss,
And all around, the sated eye
Can only look on loveliness....

Have I not seen a scene as gay
Smile—cheer my heart...then pass away,
And leave me, with reflecting brou,
As this already leaves me now?....

Hark! there the drowsy beetle comes,
With lazy buzz, and deadening drone,
To warn the warblers to their homes,
And tell the hoar of mirth is done:

The beans that gilded yonder hill
Is gone—and darkness deepens still;
The shepherd's dulcet notes are o'er,
The milkmaid's song is heard no more;

And see, the deep dull gloom of night
Creeps slowly o'er each mountain's height,
While Darkness shrouds beneath her sway
The splendid garniture of Day;

The songsters of the fragrant grove,
Whose music fill'd the soul with love,
Have dropt to silence, one by one,
Till every gladdening note is gone.

And now, beneath Night's murky pall,
"Tis stillness deep, and darkness all,
Save where is heard, in yonder vale,
The whisperings of the dreaming gale ;
And save that on the brow of Night
(Like ashes of extinguish'd light)
There is that melancholy hue
The gazer's startled eye will view,
Who lifts the snowy covering spread
Upon the uncorrupted dead !

Alas ! how soon the scene is gone
So beautiful to gaze upon !
How soon is still'd that warbling throng,
Whose vast machinery of song
Breathed only love and mirth !
No welcome strain salutes the ear,
No groves of gaudy flowers appear,
But stript of all her boasted cheer
Seems now the lonely earth.
Ah ! thus awhile the happy heart,
When free from care, and sorrow's smart,
Will gaily sport the sunny hour,
Forgetting that a cloud may lower
And sunlight cease to glow ;

But soon the shades of night draw on,
The sun of Joy sinks down anon,
And leaves the flouted heart alone
In darkness and in woe !

But away with sorrow !—it is not good
To dwell on the notes of woe so long ;
'Tis better to live in a lightsome mood,
And gladden the heart with a cheerful song.
“ Come, gentle Meditation ! thou
To me art doubly welcome now,
For often has thy healing art
Removed that heaviness of heart
That follows bliss gone by ;
With thee I can enjoy again
The golden sky—the flowery plain,
And hear the vivifying strain
Of music floating nigh.
'Tis night !—but thy creative power
Can well supply a blooming bower,
O'ercanopied with that lovely light,
Which the going of day, and the coming of night,
Scatters the sky along,
And wake on the ear that pleasing lay
Which charms the soul, when at closing day

The feathery tenants of bush and spray
Pour forth their happiest song :
Then bind me in thy magic spell,
And paint me the scenes I love so well,
For the charms of Nature can soothe my soul,
When Sorrow asserts her dark controul ;
And oh ! my spirit is fond of thee,
So come, my beloved ! and dwell with me."

" Alas ! my child, think not to find
" The all thy heart would wish below ;
" For never shall through mortal's mind
" Unbroken streams of pleasure flow.
" 'Tis good to smile when joy is nigh,
" And prize the hour that soon steals by ;
" But 'tis better to learn a lesson of sorrow—
" If it be not to-day, it will come to-morrow,
" And leave not to seek the sword and the shield
" Till is seen the enemy pacing the field ;
" For the hardy peasant better can bear
" The chilling sweep of the mountain air,
" Than the joy-sick lady, in peevish ease,
" Who shrinks from the gentle summer breeze.

“ ‘Tis good to laugh when the heart is gay,
“ And while the hours with delight away ;
“ But better by far, to be wise and know
“ That nothing is lasting here below ;
“ For saddening thoughts to bliss will guide,
“ When virtue has sprung from haughty pride.
“ Though beauty may please, and mirth delight,
“ When the cheek of health is ruddy and bright,
“ Yet the soul of idle mirth and madness
“ Must soon exchange its joy for sadness,
“ When, flaring wildly o'er all beneath,
“ The sword of Fate gleams forth from its sheath,
“ Heavy with sickness, and big with death !—
“ Then woe to the bosom whose fleeting mirth
“ Was only found in the things of earth,
“ And woe to the spirit that may not bloom
“ In a land of life beyond the tomb !

“ Then seek not thou false peace to know,
“ Nor set thy heart on this world of woe ;
“ For its transient pleasures shall all decay
“ Like the golden tints of the closing day,
“ Or a blessed dream from the dreamer’s mind,
“ That leaves not a trace of its sweets behind :

“ But rather go muse o'er the sick man's bed,
“ Or turn thy thoughts to the silent dead,
“ There knowledge learn, and wisdom call
“ From a mouldering bone, or a brainless skull ;
“ For there most surely shalt thou see
“ What soon thine own sad fate must be,
“ And, like a bird that knows her time,
“ And hastens from the coming blast,
“ Thy soul shall seek a happier clime
“ Before the day of hope is past ;
“ And while thy mind is thus employed,
“ My wisdom shall thy counsel be ;
“ But the heart with airy lightness buoy'd
“ Can never be loved nor ruled by me !”

“ Alas ! in all thy boundless store,
Is this the only page of lore,
Dull Meditation ! thou
Hast found to cheer thy votary's breast,
Who came to thee with cares oppress'd ?—
Ah ! thou hast often made me blest,
But hast not bless'd me now !
And yet, my bosom must approve
The friendly counsels of thy love,
Howe'er they cause it pain ;

So much of truth I find in thee,
So much deceit in life I see,
I well each earth-born thought might flee,
To follow in thy train."

But away with sorrow!—it is not good
To hang the harp on a weeping willow,
Or sink beneath the foaming flood,
While a plank is floating on its billow.

"Sweet Fancy! may I come to thee,
Though last, yet not the least to me,
Whom often, in the hour of pain,
I've sought and never sought in vain:
Do thou but raise thy magic wand,
And all the charms of Fairyland
Will burst upon the ravish'd eye,
As fair as bright reality!—

"Oh! 'neath thy soft and soothing power,
I've linger'd many a happy hour,
Inviting thy transmuting skill
To please a thousand flights of will,
And picture scenes to glad the eye
That charm'd even when the spell was by:

With thee, sweet Fancy ! I have trod
The kingly hall, a monarch crown'd,
Proud menials crouching to my nod,
And starry nobles glittering round ;
While, with a nation's lavish'd treasure,
I revel'd on the lap of Pleasure,
With every blessing at command
The joys of sense could well demand :—
And—but for that strange, meddling fear,
That ever gave my bosom woe,
Still whispering in the conscious ear,
‘ There is no lasting joy below ; ’
And—but for that convincing sigh
Breathed from the very lips of bliss,
That spoke of weak mortality
In every hour of happiness.—
I then had prized the pleasures given,
Too much, to seek a happier heaven,
Nor cared that kingdom to obtain
Where lieges with their princes reign.

“ And with thee, mistress of my mind !
Forever welcome, good, and kind,
I've roam'd afar in Fairyland,
Where all were happy, gay, and grand ;

And where, 'mid blooming earth and skies,
Fair beings, born in paradise,
Rejoiced among their beauteous bowers
Of fragrant, never-fading flowers,
Without a care that mortals know,
Without one sigh of human woe,
Unstain'd by sin—unruled by law,
Uncheck'd by fear—unswayed by awe,
To whom were love and beauty given
With all the witcheries of heaven ;
While songs of mirth, and hymns of joy,
Were undulating through a sky
Of pure and odoriferous air—
All seen and heard so sweet and fair,
The eye that saw ne'er turn'd away,
The ear that heard would list for aye !

“ Then come, dear Fancy, to my heart,
And all thy heaven of bliss impart ;
Oft hast thou soothed an hour of pain,
Then hasten and come to this bosom again,
To gladden my soul with thy visions bright,
In the silent and lonely watch of night ;
For oh ! my spirit is fond of thee,
So come, my beloved ! and dwell with me.”

“ Come up with me—and out on care !
“ Nor in that vale of tears repine ;
“ I ne'er reject the pilgrim's prayer,
“ Who comes to worship at my shrine.
“ 'Tis I who am the constant foe
“ Of every sorrow that mortals know ;
“ The light-wing'd sylph that bears along
“ The heavy heart to a land of song,
“ When grief besets the joyless breast,
“ To sing its miseries all to rest :
“ The noble and ignoble mind
“ Alike with me will happiness find ;
“ For Fancy is unfetter'd and free
“ As the winds that waft o'er land and sea,
“ And kiss alike the royal dome,
“ And the humble peasant's rustic home :
“ 'Tis I that can break the captive's chain,
“ And freedom give to the slave again ;
“ For when my magic veil is spread
“ Softly and lightly over his head,
“ He heeds not the dungeon's hated gloom,
“ But dreams of his native lands in bloom,
“ Where he roams o'er hill and daisied lea,
“ With his bosom as blest, and his feet as free,

“ As he went in the days that are far away,
“ When his heart was light, and his song was gay.
“ ‘Tis I that can cheer the lonely night
“ With dreams of love, and visions bright,
“ And spread before the sleeper’s eye
“ A paradise of life and joy ;
“ While, on Imagination’s wings,
“ He soars above all earthly things,
“ Forgetting the cares, and hopes, and fears,
“ Spread o’er his path in the vale of tears,
“ And lives and moves in a world of bliss,
“ In the highest of heavenly happiness.
“ Then whither with thee shall I bend my flight,
“ In what fair clime wouldest thou love to dwell ?
“ For regions of pleasure, and worlds of light,
“ Are subject all to my powerful spell !”

“ Oh ! since thou hast not said me nay
In asking favour at thy hand,
Sweet Fancy ! bear me far away
To our own blessed Fairyland ;
Where oft with thee I’ve spent the night
Amid celestial visions bright,
And breathed the fragrant incense air
That wafted naught but beauty there,

And heard those notes of joy and mirth,
That left me not, when back to earth
At dawning morn my spirit fell,
And bade that lovely land farewell.

“ Even now, methinks, I hear again
The sound of that all-charming strain,
So soothing far—so melting near—
That fell upon my ravish’d ear,
In notes that mortals deem will be
The music of eternity !
Even now, methinks, I can behold
That shining sky of burnish’d gold ;
Those balmy groves—those blooming bowers ;
That earth of never-fading flowers ;
Those beings pure—serenely bright,
Created only for delight ;
That bless’d my ear and eye, the while
I sojourn’d in thy fairy isle.

“ Oh ! now thy wings of light expand,
And bear me to that happy land—
That clime of pure delight, where fair
My longing soul would be again ! ”

“Come up with me!” the goddess said.—
Away on pinions bright we flew,
O'er hill and dale—o'er grove and mead—
Through mists of balm, and clouds of dew;
Away! away! on wings of wind,
As light as air—as swift as mind!
While earth and ocean—plain and height,
Went backwards—backwards from the sight;
And now, before our dazzled view,
As through the endless space we flew,
The sun arose with splendid glow,
But there was seen no world below;
He flash'd around us fire and day—
Diminish'd—waned—and waned away,
Till disk and centre left our view
Far in the boundless waste of blue:
So swift—so rapid was our flight,
‘Twas night and day—and day and night,
Ere Echo might the accent tell
That bade the distant earth farewell!
Up, up we clomb the endless sky;
The flickering stars went twinkling by,
(The bright—the dim—the great—the small)
Like foam-bells o'er a waterfall!

Up, up we flew, with soaring will,
And higher still—and higher still ;
No fears had we our flight to stay,
No barrier marr'd our trackless way,
Till, as it seem'd, with might and mind
We left a universe behind !

Then open'd on the wondering sight

A massy gate of sparkling light

Through which the ravish'd eye
Beheld, beneath a sky of gold,
A beauteous world of bliss untold,

In grand perspective lie.

But here, the gates that marr'd our flight

At this incalculable height,

Were shut—and I began to bear

A pressing thought of secret fear,

And felt as if I could forego

The promised bliss, for bygone woe,

So were I suffered to retrace

The vast immensity of space,

To find my foot a resting place :—

Yet well I knew, my wish was vain,

To tread the distant earth again ;

For had I sunk in backward flight,
Adown that maze of day and night,
Through which on Fancy's wings I came,
My fears had still remain'd the same ;
And I had yet been sinking there,
A pilgrim of the vacant air,
And lived my three-score years and ten,
Before I press'd the earth again !

But soon I felt my fears subside,
When lo ! a fair celestial band,
At Fancy's call, threw open wide
The golden gates of Fairyland.—
We entered—but who may declare
The glorious scene that open'd there,
When gathering legions throng'd around,
With gems and rosy garlands crown'd,
To welcome in among the blest,
Their bowing, smiling stranger guest.
And think ye how I look'd and felt,
When these seraphic beings knelt,
And loud proclaim'd, with waving hand,
“ *Hail, Fancy ! Queen of Fairyland !* ”

I started back—the royal Dame
Again replaced me by her side ;—
I felt my flushing face on flame,
And strove in vain surprise to hide.
But bashfulness soon bade adieu,
When round my glowing frame she threw
A costly robe of emerald green,
Spangled with gems of starry sheen,
And with sweet incense perfumed o'er—
'Twas such the fairy sisters wore !
And rustic fear, that whilom reign'd,
No more my wondering bosom pain'd,
For now my hand the Genii took,
With love and kindness in each look,
At their exalted Queen's command,
To welcome me to Fairyland !

They led me on—we skipt away,
All lightly in our gay costume,
Through endless realms of shining day,
O'er fields of everlasting bloom ;
The gaudy flowers on hill and mead
Bent not beneath our wingy tread,

As on we moved, 'mid fragrance sweet,
O'er mountain, plain, and grove, as fleet
As Eagle wings o'er brake and bent
Through his aerial firmament :
We tired not—tarried not—till where
Arose a proud pavilion fair,
(With only Flora's treasures built,
With only goodly blossoms gilt,)—
Whose lofty dome embraced the skies—
'Twas Fancy's Bower of Paradise.

Our Empress enter'd—at her call,
Follow'd the airy legions all ;
Where soon, obedient to her sway,
Well ranged in regular array,
The fairy host, with joy elate,
Upon a lily sofa sate,
That circled round the hall of state.

And oh ! it was a splendid sight
To see the little cherubs bright,
Smiling around that flowery grove,
With looks of heavenly joy and love,

And mark, pervading o'er the whole,
That high hilarity of soul,
That sparkled in a thousand eyes
In Fancy's Bower of Paradise.

It was a lovely Bower, I ween,
As e'er by dreamer's eye was seen
In visions of the night,
For hall, and window—wall and dome,
Show'd but one universal bloom
Of beauty and of light:—
A rainbow arch'd the portal wide,
Resting on earth at either side;
While, far behind, the concave high
Stretch'd out a glowing lily sky,
Bespotted o'er with roses red;
That round the Bower a radiance shed,
Like crimson-lighted stars besprent
Upon a milky firmament;
And had there been no pleasing ray
Shed from the outer sky of day,
The brightness of the sunny eyes,
That twinkled round in winning guise—

The glowing cheeks, of rosy hue,
That flush'd before the gazer's view—
The streamer-ringlets, curling low
O'er heaving breasts of heaven's snow—
And, too, the brilliant lustre seen
Shed from their star-set robes of green,
With all around so bright and fair—
Had been enough of splendour there!

I gazed upon the charming sight,
Absorb'd in exquisite delight,
Forgetting how, or where, or when,
The dream of dreams came o'er my brain,
And lost to all save bliss.—But soon,
Awakening from the passing swoon,
I well could mark, in every breast,
A secret wonderment express'd,

When She who held the sway
Rose from her throne, and thus began,
While through the Bower soft music ran,
Sweet as when harp of Æolian
Sings in the breeze of May :—

“ I WENT down to the earth,
Where the gay flowers were blowing,
And the sunshine of mirth
In each bosom was glowing ;
The warblers were singing
On bush and on tree,
And the valleys were ringing
With sweet melody.

“ The lake and the fountain,
Slept silent and calm ;
The breeze on the mountain
Was laden with balm ;
While the sweetness of even,
To soul and to sight,
Made earth like a heaven
Of purest delight.

“ But think ye how quickly
Man’s happiness there,
Is exchanged for the sickly
Reflections of care ;
The joys that replenish
The bliss of his dream,
They come, and they vanish,
Like foam on the stream !

“ The sun set in glory—
Soon faded his light ;
The mountains grew hoary,
In the shadows of night ;
The birds of the vale
From their tasks were released,
And the sweet nightingale
Sang long—but she ceased.

“ The night dews fell chill,
Mid the darkness beneath ;
And life grew as still
As the stillness of death ;
While the beauties of day,
That enliven’d the scene,
Were away—and away
As they had never had been !

“ I turn’d me, from time,
And the earth, and the night,
To haste to our clime
Of unfading delight :
But hark ! as I soar’d
From the regions of care,
My help was implored
By a suppliant’s prayer.

“ The joys that are raised
By my magical wand,
And the beauties, so praised,
Of our dear Fairyland,
He ask’d me to show him—
He ask’d with a sigh ;
I hearken’d unto him,
And could not deny.

“ So I’ve enter’d the portal,
Where grief cannot come,
And wing’d this sad mortal
Far, far from his home ;
To his breast we’ll impart
What his tongue cannot tell,
And gladden his heart
With the bliss of our spell.

“ Then rest not your lilies
And roses among ;
Come forth to the Palace,
Thou Prince of my Song !
For thou hast the merit
Of charming alway,
Or mortal, or spirit,
With the spell of thy lay.

“ And music, I know,
Is the joy and the love
Of beings below,
And of beings above;
So rest not your lilies
And roses among,
Come forth to the Palace,
Thou Prince of my Song !”

She said—and by the listening throng,
Applause through all the Bower was rung ;
While, fair as light, her Prince of Song,
With harp upon his shoulders hung,
Came forth before the royal Queen,
Rustling in silky robes of green,
And girded with a sparkling zone
That like a belt of sunbeams shone.—
He bowed with graceful minstrel pride,
Then seated him by Fancy’s side.

In sooth a dwarfish thing was he,
Yet boasting graceful symmetry,
With smile so sweet, and look so fair,
The whole of Beauty’s self was there !

His golden ringlets, waving bright,
Shone with a self-existing light ;
His brow—of Lilliputian kin—
Bespoke a noble soul within ;
His glowing cheeks, with gladness graced,
Seem'd rose-leaves on a lily placed ;
His pouting lips, to nature true,
Rival'd the cherry's richest hue ;
While all his witching prettiness,
Was mix'd with such a winning grace
Of archest mirth, and purest joy—
In sooth he was a lovely boy !

His harp—was not of silver mould,
Nor strung with flimsy wires of gold ;
Its rim was pilfer'd from the moon
When shining in her brightest noon ;
Its chords—else they deceived the eye—
Were sunbeams of a summer sky !

He raised it in his snow-white hand,
Then smiled, and bow'd to Fairyland ;
While heaven and earth celestial rung,
As thus the FAIRY MINSTREL sung :—

The Knight of the Virgin Fay.

LAST night on a silvery cloud I sate,
That swung in the high, high heaven,
When the sun had half his boundless state
To the meek blue Twilight given.

I look'd far down on the world below,
That smiled in the closing day ;
Flush'd were the fields with a rosy glow,
And heaven and earth were gay.

The hamlet's mirth rang through the sky,
Unmix'd with a note of sadness ;
While the balmy breeze that wandered bye
Was rich with the song of gladness.

And all were so fair, so sweet, and gay,
In the evening's purple glow,
That blame me not if I wished away
To the charming land below.

THE FAIRY MINSTREL

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I hied me down to the nether earth,
And perch'd on a towering tree,
To listen the notes of Love and Mirth,
In the Grove of Melodye.

And oh ! how soft was Love's warm sigh,
Deep breathed in that flowery vale !
And oh ! how sweet was the music high,
Upborne on the spicy gale !

I gazed on the scene of joy and peace,
Displayed in the balmy grove,
Till I envied the glory of mortal bliss,
And the sweetness of human love.

'Twas then I bethought me of Virgin Fay—
My own young Fay in the skies ;
And I sigh'd to think she was far away,
In the Bower of Paradise.

But long in the land of new delight
It chanced that I might not be,
Till I heard the voice of a sister sprite,
'Mong the boughs of a sycamore tree.

I flew, and I flew to her fair retreat,
Where, trilling a lightsome lay,
Say whom did the love-sick Fairy meet,
But his own young Virgin Fay !

“ My bliss rest on thee, sister Fay !
My love is at thy command ;
But how hast thou come so far away
From the Bowers of Fairyland ?

“ Ah ! much I fear some lover new
Has stolen thy heart from thee,
And thy gentle bosom, once so true,
Now sighs no more for me ! ”

“ Sweet peace be with thee, brother Fay !
But, alas ! you judge me ill,
To think that a faithless thought can stay
In a heart that loves thee still.”

“ Then come to my arms, my faithful bride,
We'll speed to Hymen's shrine ;
And oh ! how sweetly the hours will glide,
When thy heart and hand are mine ! ”

“ Now long hast thou loved me, brother Fay,
But to make thy kindness known,
Fulfil me one request, I pray,
And my heart is all thine own.”

“ Then tell me thy wish, my sister dear,
And I vow by thy starry eyes,
If I grant it not—no more I'll appear
In the Bower of Paradise !”

“ Thy faith is pledged—so take this kiss,
The last I'll give to thee;
Till the fair-hair'd Queen of Human Bliss
My Fairy brings to me !”

Oh ! Love can nerve the puny arm,
And urge the soul to dare ;
Fy, fy ! on the knight not brave in harm,
To won his peerless fair !

I gat me in garb of Errant clad,
And, braced in the stern array,
Away on a palfrey light I rode—
The Knight of the Virgin Fay !

In sooth I knew not much of strife,
To gird on a sword and belt;
And less of the ways of human life,
To know where the Bliss-Queen dwelt.

But away I rode on my charger good,
So lightly, o'er land and sea;
Away, through city and solitude,
Where'er might the Goddess be.

I rode till I came to the House of Mirth,
Where Youth and Beauty fair,
Awhile to forget the woes of earth,
Were dancing adieu to Care.

The music was sweet, and the song was gay,
That filled the sounding hall;
And the look of love was seen alway,
In the midst of the bouncing ball.

I fear'd not or porter or guest to chafe,
By ending the dance or the song;—
One leap of my palfrey placed me safe
In the midst of the reeling throng.

But lo ! what a fearful change took place,
As I spake to the dancers gay :
" I come for the Queen of Human Bliss —
The Knight of the Virgin Fay !"

The music ceased, and the noisy room
Grew still as the place of death,
While the tapers threw a dreary gloom
On the trembling throng beneath !

And much I mourn'd the woeful plight
Of youth and maiden dear,
As they lowly whisper'd—" Alas ! Sir Knight,
The fair Queen dwells not here !"

Then away I rode on my steed so slim,
Leaving lover and damsel fair,
To learn from me, as I learnt from them,
That the Goddess dwelt not there.

I rode, till afar on an upland spot
I beheld a flying throng,
Wing'd on by Hope—and they saw me not,
As they hurried fast along.

I spurred my steed—though far behind,
And fast the journeyers sped,
I gained—before the fleeting wind—
The bounding cavalcade !

“ So ho ! good friends !—your hearts seem light,
As your footstep’s airy pace ;
And whom do ye seek ?”—“ Good stranger Knight,
The Queen of Human Bliss !”

“ Brave speed, my comrades !—mighty well !
And pray, is she far before ?”—
“ You see her, Sir Knight, on yonder hill,
On her throne of golden ore !”

Now light of heart—in joyful mood,
I sped to the wish’d-for sight,
And left the motley multitude
To follow as best they might.

How sweet to think—one moment away,
At the Queen’s bright throne I would be ;
The next, in the arms of my Virgin Fay,
In the Grove of Melody !

One moment passed—but another came,
To pass with a third—and still
The weary distance appear'd the same,
To the top of the magic hill !

For ever as on I flew like the wind,
I was left in the vale below,
Like a baffled school-boy hastening to find
The base of a bright rainbow !

But still I had faith in my charger good,
And I prick'd with the spur of Hope ;—
One desperate bound, and now we stood
On the dizzying mountain's top ;

Where a thousand votaries, bending low
To their Empress, met the view,
Whose throne of clouds the sunny glow
Had changed to a golden hue.

Arrayed in the pompous robes of Pride,
They sang in a joyful strain :—
“ What earthly woe shall e'er betide
High Fortune's heavenly train ! ”

Then, drawing my trusty sword, in case
I had met with opposing sway :
" I come for the Queen of Human Bliss—
The Knight of the Virgin Fay ! "

But strange ! the sun that shone so fair
Grew dim, and their goddess fled ;
While down fell her lofty tower of air,
On the dying, and the dead !

And well I may thank my palfrey's skill,
Who swift from the havoc hurried,
That I slept not there, on Fortune's Hill,
In the smothering rains buried !

Away I rode on my steed so fleet,
Away, o'er land and sea —
The conquering Knight of the Virgin sweet,
In the Grove of Melodya.

I rode till I came to a mansion fair,
That seem'd the abode of pleasure ;
And a wealthy old Miser was seated there,
A-counting his hoarded treasure.

And ay he was chanting a cheerful song,
With joy on his aged brow :—
“ Dear Queen of Bliss, I have sought thee long,
And lo ! I have found thee now ! ”

I staid not to hear the hinges jar,
Nor the locks of the portal grate ;
One bound of my steed—through bolt and bar,
Brought me close where the Miser sate :

“ Now change not thus thy lying face,
Nor dare to say me nay,
But yield thee the Queen of Human Bliss,
To the Knight of the Virgin Fay ! ”

His hair stood up like the fuzzy heath,
And I smiled when I heard him cry—
“ Ah, mercy ! and spare me, good King Death !
Till I’m better prepared to die ! ”

Away I rode—but I truly wot,
I learned the old Miser this—
That the hoarded heap of gold is not
The Queen of Human Bliss.

I rode till I came to a lordly hall,
Where the princely feast was spread ;
And many a guest to the festival,
Brave Bacchus now had led.

Aloof on the nectar's cloud of balm
Was borne each happy soul ;
And they quaffed the wine, till their senses swam
On the foam of the sparkling bowl !

And the toast went round—"At last we have found
Where a mortal blest may be ;
Oh ! where is a place for the Queen of Bliss,
Like the Hall of Revelry ?"

I sought not or groom or baron's pass ;—
One leap of my palfrey good,
And, safe through the casement's jingling glass,
On the well-spread board I stood.

Then waving my sword on high a space,
To keep the bold lords at bay :—
"I come for the Queen of Human Bliss,
The Knight of the Virgin Fay !"

But pale as the dead grew guest and host;
The ladies a short prayer mutter'd;
While the giddy song, and the mumbled toast,
On their white lips died half-utter'd!

Amazed at the change—I look'd about—
What a humbling sight to see
Each mortal prostrate—stammering out,
“Sir Knight, she is not with me!”

Now far had I sought for the prize unwon;
At last I began to fear,
That the Queen of Bliss from the earth had gone,
To dwell in a loftier sphere.

But onward I press'd to fulfil my vow;
And fleet o'er the mazy way,
As shaft from the twanging bow, I drew,
Went the Knight of the Virgin Fay!

I rode till I came to the Tower of Fame,
Where Honour and Wealth were met;
And a gallant throng, of noble name,
With the laurelled chieftains sate.

And ever and ay their hearts danced on
To the world's applauding glee,
As they told of the mighty deeds they had done,
And their feats of chivalry.

I heard afar their boasting theme,
"Oh! where is a home like this?—
What place so meet as the Tower of Fame
For the Queen of Human Bliss?"

And much I joyed to hear their mirth,
As it echoed far and near;
For I thought if the Goddess dwelt on earth,
I was sure to find her here.

I staid not to proffer a warden boon,
I heeded not rampart strong;—
One bound of my charger placed me soon
In the midst of the warlike throng.

That moment a thousand falchions bright,
From their sheaths came glittering forth,
'Mid a thousand voices of—"Ho! Sir Knight!
Why shorten our hour of mirth?"

“ Fulfil my demand, 'tis an hour of peace;

‘Tis war if you baulk my sway;

I come for the Queen of Human Bliss—

The Knight of the Virgin Fay!”

Sunk hand and brand that to fight were ready,

And trembled the heroes all,

As quakes weak maid, when her moonlight shadow

She fancies a spectre tall!

And 'stead of their yielding the Goddess bright,

Each cried with a look of fear,

“ Gramercy!—depart, good Fairy Knights!—

She is any where but here!”

Then sooth there was something in my brain

That savour'd of sorrow's smart;

And I felt a sigh of mortal pain

Rise heavy from my heart!

But thinking again of my Virgin bright,

Of love, and the plighted vow,

Soon Hope, with a glow of cheering light,

Shone o'er my moody brew.

And away I rode on my steed so fleet,
 Away, o'er land and sea,
The conquering Knight of the Virgin sweet,
 In the Grove of Melodye.

I rode till I came to a lonely cave,
 Where, robed in humble guise,
There dwelt an old Hermit, who seem'd to have
 Communion with the skies.

The trace on his aged brow was seen
 Of many a wintry blast;
Yet his eye was the evening's calm serene,
 When the stormy day is past.

"Good Hermit, thine be the home of peace!
 Can you guide me on my way?
I seek for the Queen of Human Bliss—
 The Knight of the Virgin Fay!"

He smiled, as he spoke with courteous tone,
 And a lightsome, winning air:—
"And pray, Sir Knight, have you travelled long,
 In search of the heavenly fair?"

“ Old Sire ! I have roam’d both far and near,
And my vow is seal’d in the skies—
If I find her not, no more I’ll appear
In the Bower of Paradise !”

He took me in to his lone abode,
And mysteries ’gan unfold ;
And many a marvellous scene he show’d,
And wondrous tale he told.

Then opening a book, Sire Hermit said,
“ Here find the desire of thy soul ;—
They never can miss their aim who read
In the *Book of the Mystic Scroll* !”

I look’d on the Hermit’s mystic tome,
But what might the reading be ?—
“ Queen Bliss is Virtue—lo ! her home
Is the Grove of Melodye !”

I bless’d the old Sage for his friendly love ;—
I spurr’d my steed, and away,
O’er ocean and land, to the distant grove
Where I left my Virgin Fay,

The hills were high, and the seas were deep,
And the sun in the darkening sky
Was hastening fast to his place of sleep,
Thoagh wearied less than I.

But I climb the hill, and I skipt o'er the plain,
I splash'd through the draggling sea,
Till I stood 'mid the fair retreats again,
Of the Grove of Melodye.

I sought for the Virgin—but she was gone;
And had written on a rose-leaf this :—
“ My Fairy will find me in Virtue’s home
With the Queen of Human Bliss.”

So I rode till I came to a flowery glade,
(In the midst of the Grove it lay,)—
But a lovelier scene was ne’er displayed
To the Knight of the Virgin Fay.

For there, in the grandeur of holy state,
The Temple of Virtue stood,
Where the Loves and the Graces all were met,
And the wise of earth, and the good.

The Queen of Bliss there ruled supreme,
And bore unrivall'd sway ;
Whose eyes all pure and bright did beam,
As the star of opening day.

The cup of joy, unmix'd with care,
To all her guests was given ;
And the sons of men seem'd angels there,
For they walk'd in the light of heaven !

While, hark ! through all their home of peace
What thrilling music rang !
As thus the heaven-born Queen of Bliss
To her holy legions sang —

The Song of Virtue.

My name is VIRTUE—I alone
Am Queen of Human Bliss below,
As all my faithful followers own,
And well from sweet experience know ;

For I can heal the suffering breast,
And soothe the heart with sorrow riven,
And give the sons of Care, unblest,
To taste the high delights of heaven :
Oh ! ye that fain would happy be,
Why blindly wander far from me ?

What are the paltry joys of earth,
That worldly men so fast pursue ?—
They have their beauty, love, and mirth,
And wealth; and fame, and honour, too ;
But what are these ?—and whence their worth,
To those who hear not Virtue's call ?—
Alas ! alas ! they spring from earth,
And earth at length devours them all ;
While o'er their bright but transient home
The waves of dark Oblivion come !

But see ! the wicked prosper !—Well,
'Tis meet they should awhile be gay ;
Their phantom'd bliss—delusion's spell—
Remains but for a little day :
And let them rear their proud abodes,
And couch like lions in their den,

Or vainly plume themselves like gods,
Yet they shall die—and die like *men* ;
And woe is me ! and woe is me !
For who will then their surety be ?

Ah ! Youth must fade in Age's storms,
And Mirth to pale Disease give way ;
And Beauty—it shall feed the worms
That riot o'er its perish'd clay !
Yea, Love shall die, and Friendship fail,
And Fame forget to court and fawn ;
And Riches, what will *they* avail,
When Death's unmerring sword is drawn ?
Alas ! *that* king no boon will take,
No armistice with sinners make.

What though their joys may seem divine,
Who madly scoff at truth and me ;
What though their meteor hopes may shine
Like sunlight rising o'er the sea :
Yet they the fruits of sin shall reap,
And quail in Judgment's trying day,
When wrath-floods from on high shall sweep
Their refuges of lies away !

And who that owns not my command,
Shall in that day of vengeance stand ?

But other days, and other doom,
My pure and happy children know ;
For ever round their peaceful home
The streams of life and pleasure flow :
And there they wash from each alloy
That wrecks the hope of human pride ;
And banquet on perpetual joy,
Unknown to all the world beside ;
While Love and Hope, with glorious ray,
Shine round their dwelling-place for aye !

So hold ye on your heavenly way—
Ye who have found my blissful shore ;
For crowns of life, in endless day,
Are yours—and yours for evermore :
Yea, ye shall live beyond the sky.
In joys surpassing mortal ken,
When kingdoms fall, and nations high
Have perish'd from the place of men :
For this the great reward must be
Of all that are baptized to me !

I lighted from off my weary steed,
Exchanging the mail and the brand,
For the emerald robe, and the rosy braid,
Of the fays of Fairyland.

And loudly I tirl'd at the Temple-gate,
Like a champion bold and brave ;
Till Truth drew near, in his robes of state,
And a welcome entrance gave.

Then I flew to Virtue's kind embrace,
Right joyful to hear her say :—
“ Thrice welcome in to our home of peace,
Sir Knight of the Virgin Fay !

“ You have sought me long, both far and near,
In the circles of sin and woe ;
But the love, and the joy, and the peace, are here,
Which the world can ne'er bestow.

“ So come, pretty Fay, to your faithful Knight,”
The meek-eyed Empress cried :
When lo ! at her call, the Virgin bright
Blush'd fair by her fairy's side !

I rode till I came to a lordly hall,
Where the princely feast was spread ;
And many a guest to the festival,
Brave Bacchus now had led.

Aloof on the nectar's cloud of balm
Was borne each happy soul ;
And they quaffed the wine, till their senses swam
On the foam of the sparkling bowl !

And the toast went round—"At last we have found
Where a mortal blest may be ;
Oh ! where is a place for the Queen of Bliss,
Like the Hall of Revelry ?"

I sought not or groom or baron's pass ;—
One leap of my palfrey good,
And, safe through the casement's jingling glass,
On the well-spread board I stood.

Then waving my sword on high a space,
To keep the bold lords at bay :—
"I come for the Queen of Human Bliss,
The Knight of the Virgin Fay !"

Boots it unweening wight to teach,
That sweeter sounds than human speech

Flow from an elfin's tongue ?—

Ah ! did but see the Fairy Bard,
His tale reduced to human word,
He'd deem the dull translator heard

But little of his song :

Or boots to tell of freakish smile,
And look that spoke to look, the while
Sir Fairy told with winning glee,
His wondrous deeds of chivalry ?—
Enough to say, as went his tale,
The wandering eye could notice well,
From meaning glance, and speaking air,
That thought and feeling slept not there.

And soon was seen, 'mong sheeny choir,
As thrill'd the gay Equestrian's lyre,

The mistress of his lay ;

For—glowing with the blush of pride,
To modest bashfulness allied—
Who might not mark the Fairy Bride,
Erewhile the Virgin Fay ?

Yet much I pitied her, as when
Had closed her Knight's unmeasur'd strain ;

For then the tittering laugh got vent,
Till half-offending merriment
Rung through the bright alcove ;
Myself did even smile anon,
To hear what mighty deeds were done,
Ere brave Sir Cavalier had won
The Houri of his love.

But Fancy spoke—'twas strange to hear,
Speech, song, or harp, could charm the ear.
In Bower of Fairyland,
With equal sweetness—every word
That fell from fairy-lips, was heard
Like witching note of harpsicord,
Waked by fair lady's hand :—

“ 'Twould suit me ill, my Elfin Bard,
“ To frown upon thy gallant strain ;
“ Albeit thou hast ill prepared
“ Thy song, a mortal's love to gain :
“ For much the sons of earth will find
“ To glad the heart, and please the mind,
“ Where thou hast witness'd only pain,
“ And sought the Queen of Bliss in vain :

“ And sure I am thou knowest well,
“ (As can thine own experience tell)
“ So much the human heart is given
“ To fancy all it loves—of heaven,
“ That he who would uplift his voice
“ Against the idols of its choice,
“ As thou hast done, shall sadly close
“ His song, with fewer friends than foes !

“ For there is that in heart of clay,
“ So palpably of wayward mood,
“ It spurns the friendly hand away,
“ Which would impair its fancied good,
“ Though but to change the *dream* of bliss
“ From false to real happiness :—
“ Ay ! something in the living work
“ Of Nature is, so strangely wild,
“ Though there the fiends of sorrow lurk,
“ Let but the heart be reconciled,
“ It is enough.—It will be long
“ Before the simple notes of song
“ Unmask that muffled syren, Woe,
“ That wins the smiles of all below,
“ In Pleasure’s dress, and leads them on
“ Triumphant, o’er a path unknown—

“A flowery path—the which beneath
“Yawns the black sepulchre of Death !

“But let it pass—I had forgot
“But that we fill’d some earthly grot,
“Where thousand human beings heard
“The musings of my Fairy Bard :
“Ay ! let it pass—there is but one
“Of mortal kind in our divan,
“And well I am assured, that here
“No lay of thine can harm his ear :
“Nay, should he heed the Minstrel’s strain,
“When gone to native earth again,
“He’ll mind the Grove of Melodye—
“Nor need career so far as thee,
“To seek the flowery vale of peace,
“Where dwells the Queen of Happiness.

“Now tune thy lyre again, to tell
“Of that far world where mortals dwell ;
“For much I’m pleased to hear of earth—
“That land that gave to Fancy birth ;
“Where life and feeling, sense and soul,
“In breathing dust compose a whole,
“The which doth beautifully seem
“The wonder of my endless dream !”

The FAIRY MINSTREL stood the while,
Bowing assent, with waggish smile,
To all she spoke—for well he wot
Whate'er was said offended not
Where care had no command ;
And knowing, too, each fairy mind
Was form'd of love—and Love is blind,
Whether in heart of human kind,
Or fay of Fairyland.

He strung his harp of magic neatness ;
Thrill'd o'er its wires of witching sweetness ;
And soon the bright surrounding throng
Kept silence, for the Minstrel's song :—

Lady Jane.

"Tis sweet to sit in summer bower,
When earth is green, and skies are fair,
And breathe the balm of many a flower
That blooms in rich luxuriance there :

But sweeter far, to rest reclined
In charming Woman's pure embrace,
Where Beauty owns a heart and mind,
And *soul* is in the loveliness.

'Tis sweet to view, at closing day,
The beauteous scene of tranquil even,
And list to Nature's lightsome lay,
That charms the soul like harp of heaven :

But sweeter far, to mark the glow
Of kindling love in Woman's eye,
And hear that music's melting flow
That breathes in soft Affection's sigh.

Yea, I have felt as speaks the song ;
For what so much a heart could gain
As she, for whom my harp is strung—
The seraph-like young Lady Jane ?

Her cheek outvied the glowing hue
Of roses, wet in summer shower ;
Her eye, the soft cerulean blue,
That circles earth in twilight hour ;

Her breast, the snow on Alpine height,
With auburn ringlets softly fanned ;
Her soul—I almost said, was bright
And pure as fay's of Fairyland ;

Her voice, the mellow nightingale
A sweeter sound assays in vain :—
And who, in hall of Lily-Vale,
So good and fair as Lady Jane ?

Oh ! I have seen her infant glee
Invite a mother's kind caresses,
Ere yet the breeze of summers three
Had wanton'd 'mong her baby tresses :

And mark'd the cherub gladly con
The task a virtuous sire had given :—
'Twas meet the heir of good Sir John
Should share with him the joys of heaven.

I saw her rise to maiden grace,
Of gentle mien, and modest air,
With all the winning sweetesses
That deck the form of woman fair.

And oft the witching harp she strung,
At evening hour I've hearken'd long ;
While glen and grove, responsive, rung
The notes of her celestial song.

The wimpling stream that wandered by,
Grew still, when flowed the swelling strain ;—
Hound, hawk, and dove, came wondering nigh,
To list the lyre of Lady Jane.

She smiled where Innocence was gay,
And own'd young Feeling's kindred glow ;
She wept, where Sorrow held the sway,
A tear that quench'd the fires of woe.

And many a weary pilgrim, toss'd
By sad misfortune's blasting gale,
Beheld with lighten'd heart, and bless'd
The high-born heir of Lily-Vale.

To tell the joy—the hope—that smiled
On sire and mother fond, were vain :
Love's dearest pledge—their only child—
Their life of life was **Lady Jane** !

Thus loved by all, she seem'd to rise
The queen of charity and peace ;
Like angel come from paradise,
Dispensing naught but blessedness.

But why, as riper years drew on,
When warm sensations move the breast,
At times would seem young Jane *alone*,
Though 'midst her gay companions placed ?

Why could the gazer's watching eye,
Perceive, in Friendship's circle fair,
Her breast oft steal a secret sigh,
As if the deed forbidden were ?

And why, when good Sir John had brought
His guests to feast at evening-tide,
Gazed she on *one*, as if forgot
The blandishments of all beside ?

Needs not the far-fetch'd lore of art,
To solve the secret—good or ill ;
For Jane possess'd a feeling heart,
And *Love* will be triumphant still.

Yes!—scarcely had she seen the sun
Of twice nine summers warm the plain,
When brave Lord William's kindness won
The virgin heart of Lady Jane.

His lands were wide, his honour true,
His noble deeds by all approved;
And seem'd his fame and virtue too,
Pure as the spotless maid's he loved.

Oh! oft I've seen them gladly stray,
At closing eve in glen or grove,
Pure as the dew that wet the spray,
And happy as the blest above.

And many a joyful hour to tell,
O'er these young lovers glided on,
Till sweet affection's sinless spell
Had bound their yielding hearts in one.

And oh! the love that fill'd each breast,
I would to all mankind were given;
For mortal ne'er could be unbless'd,
Whose bosom felt so much of heaven.

Thus high on hope's unwearying wing,
What marvel if young Jane was gay?
The ring was bought—the wedding ring—
The day was set—the bridal day...

And spread the tidings far and wide,
Till Thane and peasant heard the tale,
How brave Lord William owned his bride,
The peerless maid of Lily-Vale...

Their moments passed without alloy,
And aye they sought the sylvan grove;
Warm with the hope of wedded joy—
Lost in the ecstasy of love!

And fast flew on those hours of peace,
That led to gladness dearer prized,
When Hope's fair dreams of nuptial bliss,
Should all be sweetly realized.

But know ye not, so vastly strange
Is still the lot of man below,
That soon a fleeting hour can change,
His boasted bliss, to curse and woe.

“ Ah! but young Jane may never grieve,
“ Nor brave Lord William sorrow own?”—
So may they fondly thus believe,
Who have no more of mortals known.

But I have seen the rising sun
Shine brightly o'er a smiling world,
And ere his glorious race was run,
Athwart his rays a tempest hurl'd.

And I have seen, 'neath morning sky,
The lovely floweret fair in bloom,
But heard the evening zephyrs sigh
A mournful requiem o'er its tomb.

And yet, methinks, it cannot be
That I must change the pleasing theme,
And dim with dark reality,
The brightness of my blissful dream.

No, no!—’tis but a vapoury shade
That flits around the prying mind;
But hope revives—the mist hath fled,
And left a brighter sky behind.

Then hence foreboding fears away ;
My harp is strung for joyful strain--
Lord William's heart is light and gay,
And grief is far from Lady Jane.

But on a mild and lovely even,
As wont, the happy lovers roam,
To breathe their solemn vows to Heaven,
And talk of higher bliss to come.

Lord William spake—“ My best beloved !
Thou all on earth I deem divine,
I joy thou hast my suit approved,
And now my heart—my all is thine.

“ Yet must I leave thee, love, awhile ;—
My princely wealth lies o'er the sea :
But soon the cheering hour will smile
That brings me back to love and thee.

“ Then gladly shall our guests behold,
The splendour of our nuptials gay ;
For all must shine in dazzling gold,
On high Lord William's bridal day !”

“ Ah, dearest ! why so fond to rove,
Far o'er the deep and dangerous sea ?
Thy presence, and thy welcome love,
Are dearer than the world to me.

“ And what if should misfortune’s woe,
Across my William’s path be thrown ?
Alas ! then must a nation know,
What only thou and I have known !”

“ Now smile as went, and hush thy fears,
Dispel thy doubts, sweet Lady Jane ;
I grieve to see thee thus in tears,
I sigh to give thy bosom pain.

“ My steed is swift to pace the land,
My bark is fleet to skiff the sea ;
My arm is deft to wield a brand,
Should foemen keep me back from thee ?

“ And swear I by yon starry sky,
And every grace in Honour’s train,
That ere the silvery moon on high,
Shall twice in heaven wax and wane,

“ My stately bark, through storm or strife,
 Returns me safe—and, mark me well !
 That night Lord William’s wedded wife
 Is lovely Jane of Lily-Vale !”

Did this not seem a slight pretence,
 To cause the maiden’s bosom grief?—
 But love and female innocence,
 Are blamed not much for unbelief.

They doubled twice the parting kiss—
 They sigh’d—and look’d to heaven above ;
 For well, in such an hour as this,
 Is needed prayer for faithful love.

The tide is high—the wind is fair—
 Lord William’s bark, far o’er the sea,
 Like faleon skimming through the air,
 On her wide way moves gallantly !

How felt young Jane?—In thought profound,
 She felt—but *how* she could not tell ;
 For all above—beneath—around,
 Seem’d whispering still—“ Sweet Jane, farewell !”

But on the shore this Lady stood,
And watch'd the stately vessel's motion
Till hull, and man, and mast, and shroud,
Evanish'd on the boundless ocean :

Then left the beach with watery eye ;—
And often heaved her breast of snow,
That deep—that stupifying sigh,
Which none but parting lovers know.

Yet her's was not that settled grief,
That time will try to heal in vain ;
For dawning morning brought relief,
To Jane's afflicted heart again.

'Twas bliss to *think* of William dear,—
His latest words were kind and sweet ;
'Twas bliss to *think* the day was near,
When every joy would shine complete.

Reflecting thus on past delight,
And 'boding future days of peace,
She spent the day, and dreamt the night,
In high ideal happiness.

And many a knight of gallant name,
And many a noble dame and peer,
With kind congratulations came,
As Jane's proud bridal-day drew near.

Her maidens knew the promised hour,
And soon her wedding garments told ;—
They fringed her veil with silvery flower,
And starred her silky robes with gold.

And soon nor grief, nor care was known—
Young Jane forgot her past distress,
For Hope kept ever talking on,
Of Love's voluptuous feast of bliss.

And now, she watch'd the moon, with joy,
Sublimely through the heavens roam,
Which soon would mount the spangled sky,
To warn her gallant lover home.

That moon is full !—It must not wane !
To-morrow is the trysted day !—
To-morrow—happy Lady Jane !
Lord William's bark shall ride the bay.

The morning came—the trysted hour—
The smiling sun ascended brightly ;
Gay banners stream'd on high Watch Tower,
Where Jane's young heart was throbbing lightly.

The tide flow'd full—she scanned the deep—
The wind blew fair o'er lake and lea ;
But strange ! the favouring breezes sweep,
The bosome of a shipless sea !

“ What means this sorrow unforeseen ? ”
The lovely weeping lady cried,
“ I thought my trials past had been—
How do I find them multiplied ? ”

“ Be calm, my spirit !—why repine
So soon ?—thy sky is not o'ercast :
The sun of joy will brighter shine
To-morrow, when the cloud has pass'd.”

The morrow came—the tide flow'd high—
She sought the Watch Tower on the hill—
The favouring zephyrs gently sigh,
But lo ! the sea is shipless still !

“ What means this dizziness of brow—

 This chill of disappointed pride?

Can William e'er forget his vow,

 Forget his own affianced bride?

“ Avaunt, Suspicion, from my breast!

 I will not yield to vain alarms;

Another sun shall see me blest,

 Lock'd in my faithful William's arms!”

Another sun rose bright and fair—

 The winds bore fragrance o'er the hill;

Ascend the Watch Tower!—Jane is there;

 But ah! the sea is shipless still!

Another day—another week—

 Ay! and a month, too swiftly flew,

Nor cape, nor promontory's peak,

 Could mark Lord William's sail in view.

‘Twas then the blasting thoughts of pain

 Swell'd her young breast with gnawing smart;

‘Twas then the lightnings of the brain

 Flash'd terror o'er her trembling heart!

No courier sought her father's door—
No messenger of mercy came ;
The day of *promised bliss* was o'er,
And fast approach'd the day of *shame* !

“Shame !—powers of love !—how can it be ?
“Shame !—how record the frightful tale,
“And dim the sun, that gloriously
“So long has shone on Lily-Vale ?

“Nay, cease false harper !—wouldest thou try
“To stain a spirit pure as light ?”
No !—but I've seen the dazzling sky
Bedimmed and clouded long ere night.

“Ah ! but her beauty, birth, and fame,
“Let Honour and let Virtue tell—
“Could aught of sin, or sinful name,
“With that angelic maiden dwell ?”

Away with Beauty !—it shall die
As dies the clay that bears its bloom ;
And but in cold corruption lie,
To thicken weeds above its tomb !

Away with wealth, and rank, and birth,
And fame—oft too profusely given !
The flowers that bloom for aye on earth,
Bloom only in the path to heaven.

“ Was she not virtuous ! ”—question not,—
My harp grows weary of the strain :
Ah ! think on mortals’ wayward lot,
But spare me well my Lady Jane.

’Tis sad to see the scowling storm,
With deadly sweep, relentless rise,
And fast the fairest flowers deform
That bloom beneath the summer skies.

But deeper sorrow far, to view
Young Beauty wrapt in dark despair,
And mark the beaming eye of blue
Grow dim beneath the frowns of Care.

And now, fain would I close the strain :
Yet must I change my theme and tell—
“ Tell what?—naught ill of Lady Jane ? ”—
Ay !—*Love was blind, and Virtue fell !*

What pleasure now can joy impart,
What peace can e'er his bosom know,
Who sees that lovely Lady's heart
Lie bleeding in the depths of woe?

“ But false Lord William—where is he—
“ Still lives he in far distant land ?
“ Or sleeps he 'neath the surging sea ?
“ Or sank he 'neath the assassin's hand ?”

No!—Heard ye not yon marriage bell,
That sweetly chimed at evening's close,
Where, dancing to the music's swell,
The village swains forsook repose ?

“ We heard it—'twas a merry peal !—
“ For whom did Hymen there preside ?”
I'll tell it !—'tis a blasting tale !—
Lord William weds a foreign bride !

The wretch has bow'd at Maramon's shrine,
And sold his love for wide domain ;
And there he drowns in rosy wine
All thoughts of injured Lady Jane !

Seducer!—thus in pieces tear
The tender heart that loved him dearly;
And wake the storms of sorrow, where
Affection's zephyrs sigh'd sincerely!

My curse is on him!—he shall live
To drink the very dregs of woe;
No earthly joy shall comfort give—
For him no tear of pity flow!

My curse is on him!—he shall die,
As dies the sinner—*unforgiven!*
Without a hope beyond the sky—
Without a friend in earth or heaven!

And long may Lady Jane look o'er
The castle wall, to watch the sea;
Her lover false returns no more,—
Yon deep will ever shipless be.

But now the roses sweet decay,
That bloom'd upon her cheek so fair,
Her smile of beauty fades away,
Beneath a thinking brow of care.

Nor might a mother's watchful eye
Be blinded long with disbelief;
She saw her daughter's ceaseless sigh,
And half could guess the cause of grief.

"What ails thee now, my daughter dear,
Why is thy harp unstrung so long?
I never see thee smile, nor hear
Thy wonted sweet and gladsome song.

"I watch thee weep from morn to eve,
I see thy lovely cheek grow pale;—
What piping sorrow thus should grieve
The high-born heir of Lily-Vale?

"Fy on Lord William's slighting love!
Thy charms a worthier match will gain;
So cheer thee well—for Heaven above
Sure smiles on virtuous Lady Jane."

"Away, away, my mother dear!
Had I been true to Heaven above,
I ne'er had shed this bitter tear,
Nor mourn'd Lord William's slighting love!"

“ Alas ! the kindly vows he made,
I judged could be forgotten never ;
But how shall I my shame evade,
Since hope and he have fled forever ? ”

“ What means my child ? ”—“ My mother dear !
I have a deadening tale to tell ! ”
“ Speak on—I tremble—let me hear— ”
“ *Love—Love was blind, and Virtue fell !* ”

She wept.—Did not her mother weep ?
No !—*She* but heaved one sigh of pain :
Her eye was fix'd—the sigh was deep—
She broke her heart for Lady Jane !

The beadsmen prayed—the death-bell rung,
The mournful obsequies were said,
And many a holy requiem sung,
For that departed matron's shade.

But soon ebb'd back the tide of grief,
Soon heal'd each mourner's heart again ;
One little month brought some relief
To all—but none to Lady Jane.

Her sire beheld her ceaseless tears,
And spoke—“ What ails my daughter fair?
It suits but ill thy tender years,
Such heavy load of grief to bear.

“ Come smile, my love!—no days of ruth
For thee, e'er hinted seer or sage;
Thou, who wert still my pride in youth,
Shalt be my comforter in age.

“ Thy mother's loss may grieve a while,
But time can soon young bosoms heal—
And yet must heaven and gladness smile
On virtuous Jane of Lily-Vale!”

“ Away, away, my father dear!
Waste not these kindly words on me;
Thy sorrowing daughter cannot bear
To take one blessing more from thee.

“ Ah! had not false Lord William's art,
Seduced thy child from good to ill;
Mine had not been a broken heart—
My mother dear had blest thee still!

“ I may not ask to be forgiven—
I cannot soothe this frantic brain !
But soon I hope to find in heaven,
That peace I seek on earth in vain.”

“ What means my daughter ?”—“ Hush, my sire !
I have a whelming tale to tell !—
My heart is sick—my brain on fire—
Love—Love was blind, and Virtue fell !”

Did he not bless his daughter dear,
Affection’s kindest love to claim ?
Or grasp’d he his unerring spear,
To save his beauteous child from shame ?

He bless’d not—cursed net—word ne’er spoke—
But only breathed one dying groan ;
For there, like lightning-splinter’d rock,
Was cleft the heart of old Sir John !

Young Jane raised up her father’s head—
She bathed his livid brow in balm ;
Then calmly gazed upon the dead !—
Ay !—but it was a dreadful calm !

'Tis night—and through the gloom profound
The lightnings flare from pole to pole—
The storm is up!—and hark! around
The mountain-rocking thunders roll!

Yet Jane has left her father's Tower,
Nor man nor maiden saw her pass!—
Where went she?—only to the Bower,
To vent a while her soul's distress.

She saw the dove she nursed when young;
She met the lamb herself had rear'd;
The faithful hound, that fawn'd her long,
And aye in danger's hour appear'd.

The dove on castle wall 'gan mourn—
The bleeting lamb approach'd not nigh;
She fawned the hound—but, sad return,
The angry brute went growling bye!

Strange voices float the midnight air!
How awful is yon torrent's boil!
My spirit shrinks to see the glare,
That dazzles o'er its dread turmoil!

Hark!—heard you not an infant's cry?

And, too, a lady-mother's wail?—

For shame!—'twas but the night-wind's sigh,

And moaning of the weary gale.

But Jane is not in castle bower!

Ah! whither may despair have driven?—

Hush!—oft she strays at midnight hour

To supplicate the grace of Heaven.

Yet 'tis a fearful night to roam,

Wild thoughts come flashing o'er my brain!

Yon flood—Ha! there she floats the foam!—

I'll break my heart for Lady Jane!

Now where do I stand?—and what do I hear?—

The plaints of the living—the groans of the dying?

No!—here but the cherub-like circles appear,

And only the balmy-wing'd zephyrs are sighing!

The sunshine of pleasure—the dark clouds of woe,

Smiling and frowning on mortals below;

Courtship and kindness—sorrow and care ;
Bridal-bed—wedding-feast—grief and despair ;
Past days of gladness—present of pain ;
Faithless Lord William—and fair Lady Jane ;—
All—all—vanish from sight,
As opens my eyes in the land of light ;
All—all—vapour away,
Like mist from the mountains at dawn of day,
As dies on my ear the Minstrel's strain ;
And Fairyland beams on my spirit again !

But listening to the tale of woe,
I saw nor fairyland nor fay ;
My heart—afar on earth below,
Was wandering with the Singer's lay :
And though in Fancy's mansions, where
Could enter naught of human care,
Yet to my sympathizing breast,
Even in that glorious land of rest,
There was at times a feeling given,
That savour'd more of earth than heaven !

To mark sweet virtue glowing brightly
In lovely woman's beaming eye ;

To see her young heart throbbing lightly,

Or melting soft at Pity's sigh—

As sang the Minstrel—I could feel

New gladness through my bosom steal,

And felt ambition strong, to rise

And boast my birth-place in the skies !—

But then, to view young lady fair,

Like blighted flower in autumn blast,

All withering in the winds of care,

Her beauty—virtue—honour lost,

A hectic flush came o'er my cheek,

My mouth was opened half, to speak

A double curse upon *his* head,

Who had the peerless fair betrayed—

A curse in earth and sky,

On traitor false, who dared presume

So foul to breathe on stainless bloom,

Then leave, in Misery's deepest gloom,

The lovely flower to die !

Yet this was but a passing thought

Which in my bosom tarried not,

Whene'er the FAIRY MINSTREL's lay

Upon my ear had died away :

For then beheld my wondering eyes
The blooming Bower of Paradise,
Where smiled the sheeny-mantled core,
All gay and glad as heretofore.

I saw them weep not—but perchance
They did, when I was lost in trance,
To hear the Bard his story tell,
That bound me in a double spell.—
'Twas marvellous how *I* could not weep,
To hear that tale of sorrow deep;
Yet wept I not—in Fancy's Bower
I then could feel no grief or pain:
But often since, in lonely hour,
I've dropt a tear for Lady Jane.—
Nor heard I if Queen Fancy spoke,
To praise or blame her Minstrel's lay
Perchance she did—before was broke
The spell that stole my heart away—
I know not—this at least I know,
Nor saw nor felt I aught of woe,
Save it might be a slight regret
To find the Singer's harp unstrung;
Yet little space was left to fret,
So soon again its music rung.

For, gazing round with pleasure new,
The odour-breathing Bower to view,
Where smiled the elfin train,
And thinking of the bliss I shared,
Of what I saw—had seen and heard—
I wist not till the Fairy Bard
Had waked his lyre again :—

The Ghost of the Hall.

'Tis charming to look on the earth and the sky,
When the sun o'er the world rises glorious and grand,
While the breeze like the breath of a spirit wafts by,
And the sweet voice of music is heard in the land.
And 'tis charming to mark, with the opening light,
All nature spring up from the slumbers of night;
While the sun shines above, and the earth smiles below,
Where summer-flowers all their rich fragrance bestow ;
And the world seems to nothing but happiness known,
While the chariot of Time moves eternally on.

And as bright and as beautiful dignified Man
In the scale of the mighty creation had stood,
Had held to his God, nor perverted the plan
Which the Author of Being design'd for his good.
His soul, like the sun in the splendor of day,
Had enlighten'd his heart with a life-giving ray ;
And his heart, fair as earth when the summer is bright,
Had revolved round her heavenly fountain of light—
A world, all unknown to the tempest and gloom,
Where only the virtues and graces might bloom.—
But Man, by transgressing the mandates of Heaven,
Was down from his angel-like altitude driven ;
And now, would ye hear how destruction is dealt,
In the cup of hot wrath to the children of Guilt—
How the wicked like sear'd leaf in autumn will fall ;
Then list to my tale of—the Ghost of the Hall !

Old Baron Glengregor fell sick, and he died.—
The priest knew it not, and he perish'd unshriven !
But Baron Glengregor the Cross ne'er denied,
And charity trusted his sins were forgiven.
To wisdom a friend, and to folly a foe,
The Baron was loved by the high and the low ;
From courtier, to lackey who own'd his controul
Was praised and admired his beneficent soul ;

And the good, and the great, and the high in renown,
Were proud with the Baron their friendship to own :
But esteem'd by the many—to none it was given
To mark how or when went his spirit to heaven ;
No kinsman—albeit he boasted enow—
Was present to wipe the chill damp from his brow,
Or the balm of relief to his breast to impart,
When the Enemy's fangs were encircling his heart !
But without or the voice of a friend to condole,
Or the prayers of the righteous to strengthen his soul,
Or affection to soothe—or physician to save—
His spirit was launched o'er eternity's wave !

But dire were the omens, and dread was the night,
When the soul of Glengregor from earth took its flight ;
Strange visions were seen in the earth and the sky,
Unmeet for the holy monk's sanctified eye :
And sounds from afar oft attracted the ear,
Unmeet for the heralds of mercy to hear !

In the stillness of midnight, was fearfully driven
A chariot of flame through the blackness of heaven ;
The rider look'd terrible—vengeance and ire
His spirit denounced from his eye-balls of fire ;

And all who had witness'd his ominous flight,
Were chill'd into horror, and shrank from the sight !
The sleeper beheld not the vision above,
Yet shook like the aspin—though dreaming of love,—
The night-bird scream'd loud—and the fox of the ben
Slank into the nethermost hole of his den,—
The ships on the ocean with billows were lash'd,
Though winds were asleep, and the tempests all hush'd;
While Nature convulsed, wore an aspect of woe,
As if the infernals had burst from below !—
And soon in his wane was the charioteer hurled,
With frightful velocity down on the world :
He drove to the Baron's proud castle, Benlaw ;
But the rider—the steed—and the chariot of awe,
With a mutter of vengeance, and shriek of despair,
Evanished away to nonentity there !

And then was there something in Castle Benlaw,
Which some only heard—and which some only saw ;
'Twas a vision that fill'd the beholder with gloom—
'Twas a prophecy heavy with horrible doona :
Yet ne'er durst the gazer his vision reveal,
And the hearer was fain what he heard to conceal ;
For all that with terror the mind can appal,
Was told by the soul-awing Ghost of the Hall !

The morning arose, and the night-spectres fled,
The morning arose—but Glengregor was dead!—
A sigh of regret, and a feeling of pain,
Pervaded the bosom of peasant and Thane,
While sorrow and tears in the Castle were found;
But the tongue of Suspicion there whisper'd around,
“Would ye hear how the Baron so suddenly fell?—
“*Lord Donald and Lady Glengregor can tell!*”

And so the good Baron—be sunshine or storm—
Had finish'd his days of existence beneath;
In the Hall of the Tower lay his spiritless form,
All gorgeously clad in the trappings of death.
But the matron that shrouded the Baron, 'tis said,
Had rather herself been the motionless dead,
Than felt what she felt, or than seen what she saw,
While mantling his corse in the Castle Benlaw!
And 'tis said how the sad Undertaker could be
But little the richer, though handsome his fee,
Ere the Baron Glengregor was hearsed to the clay
That cover'd the vault where his ancestors lay!
A score of good yeomen, it needed them all
The Baron's pale corse to remove from the Hall,
But the phalanx required reinforcement, I ween,
Ere the coffin was safe past the barbican seen.—

Six steeds panted long in the wearisome yoke,
But the hearse stood as firm as the deep-rooted rock !
Their number was doubled—exerting their power,
The space that a child could have paced in an hour
It served them, in killing oppression, to go,
From the dawn till the sun in the heavens was low :
While, soon as the charnel-house echoed the tread
That solemnly warned the approach of the dead,
The full-foaming team, now all draggled and worn,
Fell dead as the cumbersome load they had borne !

Then, I trow, was the Cross on each bosom oft made,
And a quick Ave-Mary as oftentimes said,
As the Baron, 'mid thunder, and lightning, and gloom,
Was consign'd to the peaceful abodes of the tomb :
For then was there uttered a heart-chilling groan—
While a voice murmur'd low from beneath the dark stone,
“Would ye hear how the Baron so suddenly fell ?—
“Lord Donald and Lady Glengregor can tell !”

Now Lady Glengregor, still fair as the morn,
And sweet to the sight as a dew-sprinkled rose,
Was left in her sorrow—a widow forlorn—
To the pity of friends, and the scandal of foes.

Is that the fair parricide, Slander has said,
Who held the death-cup to her dear husband's head?
Alas ! could fell Passion's iniquitous' spell
The heart-fires of conjugal duty e'er quell ?
Or the hand of that lady the potion impart
That chill'd the warm blood of her lord's loving heart ?
Did she dread not the vengeance of Heaven above,
To join in the guilt of her paramour's love,
Nor think of stern Judgment that never can sleep
When the crime and the stain of the sinner are deep ?—
Ah, horrible tale !—if Suspicion speak truth—
"Twas his bosom companion, the wife of his youth,
That frankly and freely the poison-cup press'd
On the Baron, while smiling she leant on his breast !

Alas for the Lady, if such be her scaith !
Alas for Lord Donald, in life and in death !
For the gnawings of conscience shall prey on their prime,
Nor eternity cancel the guilt of their crime.

But now had Glengregor long slept in the dust,
(So at least Superstition's worst enemies spake)
And the edge of Dismay was beginning to rust,
As Memory grew dull on the Baron's late-wake :

While now the proud Castle, so lately the stage
Of a scene that delights not in youth or in age,
Was changed from a dwelling of death and alloy,
To a temple of mirth, and a mansion of joy—
There high lord and lady the evening prolong,
With the soul-lifting dance and the heart-thrilling song;
And the route at the banquet, and loud merrimake,
Have banished the gloom of the Baron's late-wake.
And now all the seasonless sorrows of earth,
Sweet Hymen dispells with his sunbeam of mirth,
For gallant Lord Donald is there in his pride,
With the Lady Glengregor as gay by his side,
And the revellers drink to the Bridegroom and Bride !

The bridal-day came on the pinions of joy,
The evening arrived—and the banquet was set:—
Brave spirits were buoyant—soft hearts flutter'd high,
When Priest and proud marriage-guest joyfully met.
The bridegroom and bride now were link'd in the chain,
That love will not seek to unfetter again,
And to which will affection and reason comply,
Till a higher than mortal unravel the tie.—
Here silky robes flaunted, and blue eyes beam'd bright,
And bosoms sighed gently—o'erborne with delight,

While the board creak'd beneath the luxuriant load
Its beneficent owner profusely bestow'd.

Then oh ! it was gladdening to look on the throng,
As they gleefully joined in the dance or the song ;
For seem'd the fair ladies that graced the saloon,
A group of *sweet* roses enamoured of June ;
While sparkled the jewels and stars of the brave,
Like sunbeams condensed on the zephyr-borne wave !
The bowl with the sweets of the vintage was fraught,
And lavishly dealt the enspiriting draught ;
The harp of each minstrel to flattery strung,
And the high-flowing epithalamium sung ;
There was joy in each heart—there was love in each eye ;
And thus went the hours of hilarity bye—
Till a stranger among them the wassailers saw,
And a wonder appear'd in the hall of Benlaw !

The still noon of midnight was fast drawing near,
Unhush'd the loud harp—unabated the cheer ;
When lo ! as the guests rimmed the crystal-spread board,
There joined them a jewel-caparison'd lord—
A stranger, forsooth !—and unnoticed by all
Or how or what time he had entered the Hall !

His manner was bland—his deportment was high—
Proud majesty roll'd in his heart-searching eye,
And well might his *word* have the power to command,
For attention obey'd the least waive of his hand.

A damping sensation pervaded the whole,
And a feeling of jealousy lower'd on each soul ;
Yet they welcomed him freely—thro' kindness or fear—
And the stranger as merrily join'd in their cheer.
A moment 'twas stillness and wonder—but soon
The clamour of jollity fill'd the saloon ;
The harpers resumed their enlivening strain,
And merriment rung through the Castle again.

But the eye that was brighter with reason than wine,
Saw what in the stranger was ill to divine ;
For the tongue not a trace of his lineage could tell
Though Memory seem'd to remember him well !
And 'twas noticed by some how his soul-prying stare
Was often and long on the new-coupled pair ;
How the tapers—erewhile blazing brilliant and high—
Were dimmed by the withering glance of his eye ;
How the dancers that felt but a waft of his breath,
Their ruddy cheeks changed to the paleness of death !

But awed by his princely and dignified air,
They question'd not how the high Stranger was there.

He quaffed the full bowl with the revelers gay ;
He mix'd in the dance, and applauded the lay ;
And soon, feigning free with the jovial throng,
He proffer'd—though e'er he unbidden—his song.

The Stranger's Song.

Oh, Love is fair and beautiful,
When Passion bows to Pride,
And Love is kind and dutiful,
When Virtue is its guide ;
But Love is black and blossomless,
When guile is on his wing,
And deadly to the bosom's peace,
When guilt is in his sting !

Oh, Woman looks in verity,
A seraph of the sky,
When beauty, love, and purity,
Are beaming in her eye ;

But Woman is a blighted flower,
Whose charms are all decayed,
When modesty has slighted her,
And innocence fled !

Oh, Man is unto Woman dear
The sun that lights the moon,
When his high soul is beaming fair
In Honour's splendid noon ;
But Man is like a blasted tree,
That shields or shadows none,
When honour, truth, and majesty,
Have from his bosom gone !

Oh, Lovers sure are witnesses,
When guileless passions move,
A Paradise of sweetesses
Is found in sinless love ;
But sorrows soon awaken them,
To weep the weary time,
When Virtue has forsaken them,
And Passion led to Crime !

Oh, Marriage sweet is truly bliss,
When hearts and spirits join ;

Then, then is love made holiness,
And pleasure's self divine ;
But Marriage is delusion deep,
When faithless bosoms sigh,
For soon the deadly poison-cup,
Can break the holy tie !

But woe to hearts so horrible,
As hate their bosom friend ;
How fearful and how terrible,
Shall be their latter end !
Then toast not in the Baron's bower,
The bridegroom and the bride ;
But curse—*the guilty Paramour*
Who weds the Parricide !

“ Lord Donald, be up !—how insulting the song !—
“ Disgrace on thy clan if the dagger forgive :
“ Lord Donald, be up !—or Suspicion, that long
“ Was dead in the bosom of Friendship, shall live !”
Lord Donald sprang up like the wolf to his prey,
For his bride seem'd a statue of motionless clay ;

Lord Donald sprang up—though his heart was exiled,
His eye of revenge roll'd alarmingly wild !
His dagger gleam'd lightning—confusion ensued—
For his vengeance-dried spirit was thirsty for blood :
“ Now hence from my presence, intruder !—away !—
“ Thou diest were it thine the high sceptre to sway ;
“ Thus taunt in my castle—surcharged with my wine !
(A voice whispered soft—‘ Nay, the castle is mine !’)
“ False Stranger, thou liest ! now hence from my sight—
“ My dogs on thy carcase shall banquet this night !”
He said, and his dagger he drew, with a frown,
To smite—to smite what ?—sith the Stranger was gone !
He mixed not the multitude trembling around ;
They search'd, nor his shape nor his shadow they found !
But a flash of strange light flicker'd blue o'er the wall,
And a voice mutter'd low—“ 'Twas the Ghost of the
Hall !”

The new-wedded pair to their chamber were led,
In the bliss of affection their fears to remove ;
To soothe them with sleep on the soft bridal bed,
And dream fairer scenes in the slumbers of love.
The danger is over—now haste, happy Bride,
The curtains of silk from thy couch draw aside—

'Tis done—Ha ! but why that wild shriek of despair ?
Ye seraphs of mercy ! Glengregor was there !
The Castle is rocking—the chamber on fire—
There ! see the old Baron stand big in his ire !
The thunders roll loud in the woe-beset room—
The lightnings are flashing through tempest and gloom !
—Hark ! a voice that is rending the earth and the sky,
" Now vengeance is due, and the guilty shall die !"
When lo ! ere the sinners on mercy could call,
They vanish'd away with the Ghost of the Hall !

The Minstrel closed his fearful strain—
'Twas silence for a space again ;
And now there came a feeling o'er
My heart, which I had felt before,
When dwelling in terrestrial clime,
Surrounded with the scenes of time ;
It was a glow of friendship—here
I thought of those who once were dear
To me on earth—and if 'twas known
To them, where I their friend had gone—

I look'd around the Bower to find
Sweet forms that Memory brought to mind,
So dearly loved in former days—
But, none to greet my anxious gaze,
I mark'd my bosom heave a sigh,
And felt a tear start to my eye—
A sigh, the sweeter it was deep ;
A tear, 'twas blessedness to weep !

To think on loving friends below,
Who once as fondly thought of me,
When soft sensations wont to glow,
And youth and love were light and free—
To think that how perchance they were
Still lingering in a world of care,
Exposed to every cursing wile,
That lurks in grief-begetting guile—
Exposed to crime, that crowning sorrow,
That seldom finds a bright to-morrow—
Might well a pitying sigh demand,
Yea, claim a tear in Fairyland.

'Tis all delusion !—on my ear
Has died the music's latest tone ;

Bright Fays and Fairyland are here,
And earth and mortals disappear,
And sin and crime are gone !
'Tis all delusion !—not a tear
Has ever wet my eyelids here ;
Nor thought nor sigh of woe
Have marr'd my tranquil bosom's peace ;
This heart so full of happiness
Could never sorrow know !

So changed the dream—again—again—
When closed the FAIRY MINSTREL's strain ;
But now sweet music fill'd the sky,
For hark ! upon the silence broke
Soft sounds of heavenly symphony,
As thus the Empress Fancy spoke :—

“ Sir Fairy, now thy harp has long
“ Been waked to tales of human woe ;
“ But hast thou ne'er a happier song
“ To sing us of the land below ?
“ Or doth the overflowing tide
“ Of misery, wave so high and wide
“ O'er every spot of human ground,

“ That not a mountain top is seen,
“ Nor yet a branch of olive green,
“ Above the whelming flood is found?—
“ Nay, Fairy Bard, it is not so,
“ For I myself have been below,
“ A sojourner on earth—and known
“ Its sinless joys so like our own,
“ That then I reckon’d not
“ On higher bliss—it heaven seem’d,
“ And Fairyland itself was deem’d
“ Unworthy of a thought!—
“ Then wake thy tuneful harp again,
“ And softly chant some pleasing strain
“ To grace the sacred wire;
“ For while the bad deserve thy blame,
“ The good a note of praise may claim
“ From thy celestial lyre!”

The FAIRY MINSTREL—witching elf!

I think him yet before my sight,
Fairer than Beauty’s very self,
And ever pleased to give delight—
He beckon’d approbation—then
Were heard his harp and song again:—

Lucy Gray.

How dear their hopes and joys beneath,
Who journey Virtue's flowery path
And Wisdom's voice obey !
Ah ! who avow that pleasures fail
The bosom pure, who hears the tale
Of sweet young Lucy Gray.

No lofty rank—no gaudy show—
Nor splendid worldly wealth below,
Was Lucy's lot to own :
Her home—a rural mansien—stood
Far in a lonely solitude,
To busy life unknown.

And there, in innocence and peace,
Nursed by parental tenderness,
To maiden years she grew ;
From pride and giddy fashion free,
And each illusive mockery
That wins Ambition's view.

The star of eve, in fairest light,
To Piety shone not so bright
 Nor pure as Lucy's eye ;
The fragrant breeze from flowery spot,
To meek Devotion savoured not
 So sweet as Lucy's sigh.

How would with joy her bosom swell
To hear the solemn Sabbath bell
 Proclaim a hallowed hour !
How would her heart in gladness swim,
To chaunt the holy vesper hymn,
 And feel its soothing power !

These were the joys that could impart
To Lucy's pure and sinless heart
 The dearest of delight :—
Compared with these, the mirthful hall,
The dance—the play—the festival—
 Were folly in her sight.

Nor envied she the nobler state
And pleasures, of the rich and great,
 Who move in circle high ;

To her enough of wealth was given,
For Lucy was a child of heaven—
An heiress of the sky !

Yet is it not on earth below
That pleasure o'er the ills of woe
May claim unshaken sway ;
For still are lighter sorrows there,
Which good and bad alike must share,
And so must Lucy Gray.

'Twas summer—and a beauteous even,
When softly fell the dews of heaven,
And slowly rose the moon,
Whose visage pale, and bashful light,
Full well might show the Queen of Night
Was sick for love of June :

Had died the small birds' latest lay,
And silence held unbroken sway
Beneath—around—above :
All—all asleep—save Zephyr light,
Who waked to gossip out the night
With Flora, in the grove :

As wont, the glen young Lucy sought,
To spend an hour in holy thought,
 And meditate awhile
On other worlds above the skies,
To which the just of earth will rise,
 All free from sin and guile.

High oaks hang branching o'er her head—
Beneath were fragrant wild-flowers spread,
 That odours sweet bestowed ;
And well was charm'd the vesper hour,
While thus, in that romantic bower,
 Her evening anthem flowed :—

Lucy's Anthem.

How soothing to wander at night,
When Silence asserts her controul !
Exchanging the beauties of sight,
 For the lovelier visions of soul ;
To muse on those mansions of day,
 To Piety's followers given,
Where innocent spirits alway
 Sing glory—sing glory to Heaven !

This earth is a wilderness drear,
Though robed in a mantle of bloom ;
A region where sorrow and fear
Lead on to the merciless tomb :
But Hope is the helm of our breast,
And guides through mortality's sea,
To a land, where the souls of the just
Immortally blessed shall be.

How sweet at the closing of day,
The beauties of nature to view,
When Silence has Echo at bay,
And Flora is sleeping in dew !
But lovelier charms to the sight
The graces of virtue display ;
For the heart that is pure and upright,
Is a flower that will never decay.

How brightly yon planets are beaming,
The garment of night to adorn—
Through heaven resplendently streaming
A light like the glory of morn !
But brighter and fairer will shine
Pure spirit of mortal on high,
Where noon-day shall never decline,
Nor vapour e'er darken the sky.

There—there, in the regions of bliss,
There—there, in the kingdom of souls,
The righteous shall flourish in peace,
While endless eternity rolls:
And oh ! that I were in that land
To Piety's followers given,
To taste immortality—and
Sing glory—sing glory to Heaven !

Had scarcely ended Lucy's song,
When lo ! the shading trees among,
Through dusky gloaming light,
A lonely wanderer met her view,
By whose broad shield and mace she knew
He was a warrior wight.

His gait was high—his manner proud—
His visage grim as lowering cloud,
When pregnant with the storm ;
His brow was stern—his eyes were bright—
(But sooth they beam'd with other light
Than eyes of human form !)

Young Lucy started—shriek'd to see
Approach, in sullen majesty,

That love-forbidding knight :
A moment 'twas a stilly gloom,
And darkness dreary as the tomb :—
But soon the moon shone bright ;

And then could Lucy better brook
Upon her visitor to look,
At first so grim and dread ;
For now his mien, erst harsh to view,
Relax'd a space and milder grew,
As thus the warrior said :—

“ Start not, sweet maid ! though wayward lot
Has brought me to this lonely spot,
To list thy evening song ;—
A warrior fear'd and famed am I,
And boasting dignity too high
A harmless maid to wrong.

“ Yet seem I so unwelcome here,
That thus thy looks betoken fear ?—
Nay, lovely damsel, smile !

For, by my ~~gantlet~~! (baulking sin),
Thy charms have power enough to win
The Knight of Holy Isle!"

Fair Lucy blush'd in virgin shame,
To hear pronounced his mystic name,

And spoke with anxious fear :
" If Knight of Holy Isle you be,
Brave warrior, deign not speech to me,
So little thy compeer."

" Oh ! Lucy, I have heard thy lay,
And known thy wish to be away
From earth of sin and guile ;
Then, wouldest thou trust a warrior brave,
My bark shall bear thee o'er the wave
Afar, to Holy Isle.

" 'Tis true this world's a vale of tears,
Where trials, crosses, sorrows, fears,
Abound o'er all the way ;
But wilt thou come to Holy Isle,
Forever bloom, forever smile,
Shall lovely Lucy Gray."

The maiden trembled—yet 'twas strange,
She felt her thoughts to kindness change,

And heaved a gentle sigh;

For, scanning well that wondrous Knight,
Lo! now he seem'd an angel bright
To Lucy's loving eye!

“Sir Knight, how would this bosom grieve
My parents—friends—and home to leave?

I cannot come with thee:—

But dost thou fancy maid of earth,
Fair lady seek of nobler birth,
And higher name than me.”

“Lev'st thou dear friends?—but come with me,
And dearer friends shall welcome thee

To home more sweet and fair;

And art thou blest with joy and peace?
But tenfold present happiness
Shall fill thy bosom there.

“I need not wealth—enough I have—
My arm is strong—my heart is brave,
And wide extends my sway;

I reckon not on pedigree—
So come with me—oh ! come with me,
My lovely Lucy Gray !"

Sensations sweet his words impart—
A flood of joy rush'd through her heart,
That sigh'd his sway to own :—
Now, by my harp ! how love can wile !
For with the Knight of Holy Isle,
Young Lucy Gray has gone !

Her soul was bound in Love's soft thrall,
Her parents—friends—companions all,
Remembered now no more,
As with her gay heart-winning spark,
She hurried on to reach the bark,
That floated nigh the shore.

The beach was gained—but fearful sight
The ocean seem'd !—'twas noon of night,
All silent as the grave ;
Yet billows swell'd to mountains high,
And lash'd the rocks eternally,
That beetled o'er the wave !

There, heaving on the foaming surge,
Was seen the Warrior's stately barge,
To ride right gallantly,
Mid darkness dismal—though, in noon,
From heaven's high arch a fiery moon
Flamed o'er the yawning sea !

“ Alas !” young Lucy trembling said,
“ Brave Knight, hast thou a helpless maid
Deceived so far astray !
Ah, Warrior ! will it pleasure thee,
These wild and stormy waves to see
Engulphing Lucy Gray ?”

“ Why throbs thy bosom with alarm—
Can aught a child of virtue harm ?
Nay, fearful maiden, smile ;
For, by mine honour true I swear,
No harm the gallant bark shall bear,
That sails to Holy Isle !”

“ Good Knight, how can thy spirit brave,
Thus smile upon that foaming wave,
That terror gives to mine ?—

Thy rank is sure conceal'd from me,
For more than mortal dignity,
Is on that brow of thine!"

His real name the Knight disclosed,
And spoke—"Now art thou discomposed,
To sail the deep with me?"
The maiden blushed—her fears at rest—
"Oh, Ariel!* tranquil is the breast
Of all who sail with thee!"

The barge was boarded.—But nor wave,
Nor billow's swell, nor Warrior brave,
Nor night, nor gloomy skies,
The damsel witness'd more—for deep,
And fastly in unbroken sleep,
Were seal'd young Lucy's eyes.

He robed her in a winding-sheet,
And strewed her o'er with flowerets sweet;
Then, lightly from the bay

* Angel of Death.

As bore the heaving bark along,
He waked this loud triumphal song
O'er sleeping Lucy Gray:—

Ariel's Song.

Oh, I am a mariner bold, and brave
To pilot the bark through a stormy sea;
They dread not the roll of the bounding wave,
Nor shrink at the billow, who sail with me;
For mine is the soothing slumber-spell,
That lulls the bosom in tranquil rest;—
They hear not the rage of the tempest's swell,
Who heave with me on the ocean's breast.
Come ferry me, ferry me o'er the deep,
Ye storms that ruffle the mortal main;
For the eyes that close in my dreamless sleep,
Must never awake in the world again!

Oh, I am the union of friend and foe—
One night with me, and they weep no morrow!
For I have a balm for every woe,
And I have the cure for every sorrow:

The high or the low, are they sunk in grief?

The young or the old, are they sad withal?

Oh, I am their last and sure relief—

I the physician who heals them all.

Come ferry me, ferry me o'er the deep,

Ye winds that eddy Corruption's wave;

For the heart I urn in my dreamless sleep,

Must never be left in the irksome grave.

Oh, I am the lover so kind and true,

That never in vain preferred a plea;

Cold is my nuptial bed, I trow,

But sweet is their rest, who rest with me;

And I am the king whom kings obey,

The monarch to whom must princes fall;

For mine is the sceptre of boundless sway,

And I have the sword that conquers all!

Come ferry me, ferry me o'er the deep,

Ye zephyrs that waft the eternal shore;

The eyes that wake from my dreamless sleep,

Must never be closed in slumber more.

The song was ended.—Lucy woke :
Lo ! on her raptured vision broke
The land of life and peace ;—
A splendid and celestial clime,
Dazzling resplendently sublime,
With beauty and with bliss !

Oh, there was happiness unknown
To all, save only those who own
Their home that region fair ;
The grand arcana of delight
Came flaring o'er the ravished sight,
In vasty splendour there.

Oh, there were thrones, and crowns of gold,
And kings and kingdoms, all enrolled
In beams of glory bright ;—
There souls and seraphs moved in state,
Flashing effulgence through the great
Eternity of light !

And there were forms, and beings pure,
Too much for stranger to endure
The beauty of their smile ;

With worlds of loveliness untold—
For language falters to unfold
The charms of Holy Isle !

The bark moor'd in the haven—then
A vast and beauteous cherub train,
On snowy wings drew near,
To welcome Lucy into bliss,
And life, and light, and happiness,
In that celestial sphere.

Their eyes created gems around,
Their breath with roses strewed the ground;
Where'er they bent their way ;
And aye they sang, with loving smile,
“ Thrice welcome to our Holy Isle—
“ Thrice welcome, Lucy Gray !”

They wreathed her brow with garlands sweet,
Laced silken sandals on her feet,
And framed her wings of snow ;
They clothed her in a robe of light,
And girt her with a girdle, bright
As noonday's sunniest glow.

And now her cup of joy ran o'er,
Sweeter than Hope e'er told before,
 Or Faith itself believed ;
For Lucy saw and felt, I ween,
What mortal eye hath never seen,
 Nor heart of man conceived !

Soon woke ten thousand harps of gold—
The tide of heavenly music roll'd
 Wide through the realms of day ;
And now, adorned with endless smile,
Joined the high hymn of Holy Isle,
 Immortal Lucy Gray :—

Hymn of Holy Isle.

Awaken, awaken—ye heavenly throng,
 That banquet on pleasure forever and aye,
Awaken, awaken the seraphim song,
 Whose truth as your glory is stable alway ;
Oh ! hush not the harp in our regions of day,
 Be silent no tongue in our kingdom of souls,

For ours are the pleasures that never decay,

We flourish while endless eternity rolls :

Then swell the high chorus to happiness given,

And ever sing glory—sing glory to Heaven !

Ours, ours are the crown and the sceptre of peace—

The reign of delight that will never be bye ;

Our nectar is drunk from the Fountain of Bliss,

And ours are the bosoms that never can sigh:

Oh, blest is the spirit and happy the eye,

That catch but a glimpse of our heavenly shore ;

And the mortal who comes to our home in the sky,

The pangs of affliction can suffer no more ;

For ours are the pleasures that fade not away—

Oh ! swell the high chorus forever and aye !

This, this is the kingdom so splendid and bright,

Which saints in their faith of futurity see ;

And oh ! if the *vision* give sweetest delight,

Then what must the bliss of *reality* be !

In mortals are valueless rank and degree,

To beckon our favour, if such be their meed ;

We love but the heart from iniquity free,

And the bosom we bless it is blessed indeed :

For ours are the pleasures that fade not away—
Oh ! swell the high chorus forever and aye !

And this is the land, where the good and the just,
Who linger a while in their sorrows below,
Shall come to inherit their hope and their trust,
A boon that will joys never-ending bestow :
Here sorrows and trials no more shall they know—
Here sickness and death shall encompass them never ;
But robed in salvation, their bosoms shall glow
With glory and gladness for ever and ever ;
For ours are the pleasures that fade not away—
Oh ! swell the high chorus forever and aye !

So sang good FAIRY MINSTREL.—Well,
What sang the fairy harper more ?—
Ah ! had it been a changeless spell
That on my wandering spirit fell,
I might have told as heretofore ;
But things were altered now—for when
Was hushed the Minstrel's harp again,
And yet once more my wistful eyes
Review'd the Bower of Paradise,

To meet the forms I wont to see,
And feast my soul on beauty fair,
There was—at least there seemed to me—
A marvellous transition there !
For o'er the magic Bower of bloom
There hang a mistiness and gloom,
Dispensing dullness all around,
And dimming with a darkish hue,
The scene that ever to my view
So fair in Fairyland was found.

This change confused me much—I tried
To waive my jealousies aside,
But still ideas dark and drear,
Show'd some eventful crisis near.
I knew I might not—could not stay
In happy Fairyland for aye ;
And now with plodding mind sedate,
Began to think of future fate,
And what strange doom of destiny
Perchance was in reserve for me !—
I know not how it was, but then
There came a swimming o'er my brain,
A mistiness across mine eye,
My senses whirl'd confusedly,

Moreover, and a sudden smart
Had nigh ensepulchred my heart !

But these were not of ills the whole
That now began to tease my soul ;
For, thus absorbed in doubt and fear,
Lo ! something visible drew near,
And clutch'd me like a spirit ! This
Was all unwont in Bower of Bliss :
Thick throbb'd my heart—when, looking round,
A tall Herculean form I found,
Who thus exclaimed, in such a mood
As omen'd me but little good :—

“ Ho ! erring mortal ! tell me why
“ In Fancy's witching regions found ?
“ Consult thy heart—and ne'er deny
“ Thou standest on forbidden ground.—
“ 'Twere better thou hadst been below,
“ And searching what 'tis good to know,
“ And learning well the lessons which
“ High Wisdom's shining pages teach,
“ Than running Folly's mad career,
“ And lingering in delusion here :

“ But scan me well, and never doubt
“ Thine enemy has found thee out !
“ For I am Fancy’s sternest foe,
“ And sober Reason’s dearest friend ;
“ Nor ever dealt a conquering blow
“ The soul who dared with me contend :
“ Then, mortal, here thou must not stay,
“ So haste, my high command obey,
“ And speed thee back to earth apace,
“ For this is not thy resting place !”

Strange feelings moved my troubled breast,

As on my ear this message broke :
All unprepared for such behest,
I paused and ponder’d—but at last
Assumed a haughty air, and spoke :—

“ So !—tell me, Spirit, whence thou art,
And why thy province to command ?
That thus thou canst afflict my heart,
E’en in the courts of Fairyland.
For I have gladly tarried long
In this delightful world of song,
Which still, fell Spirit ! but for thee
Had been a realm of joy to me.

Yea, I have listen'd legends here,
Not all unmeet for human ear ;
Ay ! and to me have truths been shown,
'Twere better some had sooner known !
Then where is harm that I have chose
To fly from world of care and grief,
To this fair region of repose,
Where best I might expect relief ?"

" Presumptuous mortal ! tamper not,
" Nor court from me severer lot.—
" What ! wouldst thou choose to tarry here,
" And hearken dreams of fabled song ?
" What ! has become to thee so dear,
" The charms of visionary throng ?—
" While nobler truths on earth are sung,
" That bind the heart in happier spell,
" With sweeter sounds than ever fell
" From Fancy's harp, or Fairy's tongue.

" Then get thee back to nether sphere—
" If dearer joys thou hast not known
" On earth, the fault is all thine own ;
" But sooth ! thou shalt not tarry here !"

“ Spirit ! I cannot brook the thought,
Albeit thou hast form’d it fair,
And rather choose the present lot,
Than seek again a world of care :
So tell me not thy power and thrall,
But hear me, Spirit ! once for all—
‘Twas Fancy brought me here, and now,
By her own loveliness I vow,
The hapless hero’s doom to prize,
Who sinks in strife—the rather than
Resign for thee one single span,
Of Fancy’s Bower of Paradise !”

“ Ha ! lightlify my power and fame !
“ And hast thou yet to learn my name ?
“ Then, mortal, I am *Conscience* !—Come,
“ I’ll grapple with thee !”

I was dumb—
O’erwhelmed—confounded with affright,
And shrank inglorious from the fight !

But on advanced the Spirit bold,
And grasped me in his frightful hold ;

I felt his power and sway divine,
And dreading fearful doom was mine,
My heart grew sick—my courage died,
And, coward-like, at length I cried,
“ Ho ! Fancy, help !—cease, Spirit ! cease !”

Now would that I had held my peace—
For lo ! the very sound I made
Dissolved the spell !—and shape, and shade,
And Fairyland and Fay,
‘Gan twinkle, twinkle from my view,
Like planets ‘mid the misty blue
That swathes the infant day !

I look’d for Fancy—she was gone ;
For meddling Spirit—there was none ;
And FAIRY MINSTREL, it would seem,
While bathing in Parnassian stream
Had drown’d himself in music !—for,
I saw nor harp nor Harper more.

But ‘stead the Bower of Paradise,
Creation open’d on mine eyes—

The sky—the land—the lake—the sea,
Wrapt in the sweets of summer morn,—
The white mists wavering o'er the lea,
The warblers singing on each thorn,
And 'stead of Fancy's visions gay,
The glory of the king of day
Upon my sight and senses fell;
While every vestige of the spell
Forsook my settled brain:
I grieved not much—for well I wot,
More vexing fate was nigh my lot;
But think ye if I marvelled not,
To look on earth again?

END OF THE FAIRY MINSTREL.

TO BERTHA.

AND art thou wearied, BERTHA?—has thy heart
Grown dull and heavy o'er the lengthen'd lay?
Nor can the Muse one 'livening thought impart,
To charm thy listless drowsiness away?—
Yet must thou not resign to Morpheus' sway,
Nor late thy taper dwindle paly beam;
For still, my BERTHA, I have more to say,
Though certes, Love, far other is the theme,
Than Fancy's fay-wove spell, or Fiction's airy dream.

Arouse, my fair one! trim thy lamp once more,
Shake off this listlessness,—and let there be
Upon thy lip that smile that wont before
To ever play so sweet and gracefully:

How oft indulgence have I claim'd from thee;
Thou who hast still unwearying kindness shown ;
Than whom a dearer friend ne'er smiled on me,
And in whose love—though blest with *thine* alone—
My soul forgets her woes, and lightsomely lives on.

And hast thou heard my Fairy Minstrel's song,
And hast thou seen my elfins, fair and bright?—
But blame me not, if I alas ! too long
Have wrapt myself in fancies, vain and light ;
For oh ! 'tis sweet in visions of the night,
When the soul wanders from her home of clay,
To dream we've found a land of pure delight,
And feast on happiness the live long day
Where human cares and fears can come no more for aye !

But dreams are *only* dreams. So let it be.
The sleep-magician's midnight spell is o'er,
And sith I've 'waked to truthful love and thee,
The misty things of Fancy charm no more :
And I might here be happy as before,
When charm'd and dazzled by her fairy spell ;
But Discontentment, with invidious lore,

O'erspreads this earth with miseries dire and fell,
Where care and woe, 'tis said, are ever doom'd to dwell.

My heart grows sick to think it!—I must weep,
To wash this heaviness of soul away;
For sorrow meets my wandering eye—and deep
The lyre-strings tremble with a larum lay:
Lo! here the Vices stalk in stern array,
With fell Destruction following in their train;
While, from Life's morn to Age's closing day,
The Juggernaut of Sin drives on his wain,
And o'er his hideous track strews wide the mangled slain.

Come! let us scan this Babylonian world,
This thick-grown jungle of promiscuous souls,
Where Satan hath his impious flag unfurled,
And where of guilt the fearful torrent rolls:—
See! here in glittering pomp and luxury lolls
The God-denying mortal, bent on ill;
There, deep in crime, a low-bred menial strolls...
The stout contemner of high Heaven's will,
Who, oft reproved, remains a stern blasphemer still!

Here sits a king, and slays the men of God,
Who dare with him in faith and feelings jar;

And there the tyrant, whose ungracious nod
Can kindle deadly Battle's scorching star,
That summons thousands to the Almighty's bar ;
Nor cares nor questions he, if bad or good ?
The while his honourable "dogs of war"
Lap up their gorgeous beverage of blood,
And joyfully to Fame, wade through the reeking flood !

Here group the mean transgressors—thief and knave,
Dark-browed assassin, planning mischief sure ;
The fiend-like scourger of the low-born slave ;
The famish'd miser—with his look demure,
Well framed to grind the faces of the poor ;
The jolly drunkard, foaming out his shame ;
And Falsehood, aiming at sweet Virtue's flower ;
With thousand other ills of meaner fame,
Which Slander grovels near, and owns the lowest name.

Woes cease not yet !—still cast thine eyes abroad,
The wide extent of Life's far-stretching plain,
And mark what legions bear the galling load
Of care and sorrow—misery and pain :
Here princes gorge in sensual joys, and then
Pine 'neath the burden they themselves have chose ;
There in the dungeon clanks the wearying chain,

That rings responsive to the captive's woes,
Perchance who sorrows on till death his sufferings close.

Here, press'd with cares, a toil-worn mortal view
In labour hard, till strength and spirits fail,
Condemn'd by Poverty to struggle through
The bushy thickets of Misfortune's vale ;
Hark ! there lone pilgrim tells a doleful tale,
How still with ceaseless trials he must go ;
And, as his own sad heart is never hale,
Thus sums the heritage of man below,
And notes the spacious world a lazarus-house of woe !

And here Affliction spreads her baleful wings,
That far and wide their damping influence shed,
O'er beggar's hut, and palaces of kings,
Till thousands languish on her sickly bed ;
See, too, in deep and sable mourning clad,
The widowed relative, lamenting sore
Some friend's decease, and weeping o'er the dead—
The blessed dead—that here can grieve no more,
Nor dread the whelming surge that wreck'd their bark
before !

And now what thinks my BERTHA?—is not this
A saddening tale to greet thy gentle ear?
Alas! what lack of peace and happiness—
What lavishment of pain and woe is here!
Yet still, methinks, thou wilt a little bear,
Tho' saddening numbers from the harp-strings flow;
For sure 'tis well, while earth's our destined sphere,
To search our portion in the land below,
And learn the slippery path o'er which our footsteps go.

I know thou lovest me, thou kind-hearted one!
With more than sister's love, nor wilt deny
To mourn with me where misery is known,
And ope thine ear to Pity's moving cry:
I know thy heart is sad when mine doth sigh—
But wherefore thus of distant woes complain?
Lo! grim Despair himself is hastening nigh,
I feel his finger touch my shrinking brain!
Soon must I fall!—Oh, Love! how wilt thou sorrow
then?
Wilt thou not weep, to see the dark controul
Of blanching Penury this bosom mar?

Nor drop one tear to mark my weary soul
Shook by the jolting of Misfortune's car—
While bleak Adversity inflicts her scar,
And grief o'er grief like foaming surges come—
While Sorrow flares her flambeau red afar,
Scorching the sweet green gourd of friends and home,
And I throughout the world, a wandering outcast roam?

Wilt thou not weep, when o'er my hapless head
Lowers big and black the thunder-cloud of doom;
When sickness hovers round my dying bed,
To pine this healthy frame with wasting gloom,
And rob the living tenants of the tomb,
(Ungracious revellers!) of half their cheer;
While pleasure's flowers for me no longer bloom,
And fast the dreaded hour is drawing near,
That terminates my day of sad sojourning here?

Wilt thou not weep, when on Corruption's chart
Thy pitying eye shall mark my name enroll'd;
When o'er this now full kind and faithful heart
The lazy reptile trails each clammy fold;
When this warm bosom shall be chill and cold,
Its former hopes and fears remembering not;

When, pent and shrouded in my narrow hold,
Even BERTHA's very self I'll have forgot;
While rank weeds gaily wave above my slumbering
spot?

Yes! nature's weakness and soft-hearted love
The tribute due to Sympathy must pay:—
But hush repinings!—why so blindly rove,
To waste our strength 'neath Melancholy's sway?
What! BERTHA!—boots it that we fret alway,
And whinge eternal curses on our care?
Or boots it we should grieve from day to day,
Forever whining sorrow and despair?—
Has Gilead got no balm?—Is no Physician there?

Yes! there is balm—there a Physician too,
To heal the sick, the blind, the halt and maim'd:—
Who is this great and high Physician—who?
For nations languish till they hear him named:
We may perchance by sceptic fools be blamed,
To sound the sacred mystery abroad—
Ay!—but I'll speak it!—shall we be ashamed
To own the PRINCE of LIFE! whose heart-drops flow'd
To wash our sins away, and seal our peace with God!

And rests our faith on His exalted name?—
If true, *this* truth is blessedness indeed ;
This is the light that kindles virtue's flame,
Is all we wish or want—is all we need ;
This is the cord that binds the broken reed,
The conquering sword, that shines in triumph grand ;
The anchor sure, when darkly over-head
The waves of tribulation wide expand ;
And the great shadowing Rock that glads this weary
land.

Let cold Privation's withering hand invade,
And club her famished myrmidons around,
This is the saint's surrounding palisade,
That bars their entrance on forbidden ground ;
Let Sickness, too, inflict her deadliest wound,
And Trouble all his wasting horrors spread,
This is the dew that flowers the barren ground,
That pours fresh balm upon the sufferer's head,
And softens into down Affliction's thorniest bed.

Yea, let himself the King of Terrors come,
Ghastly apparell'd for the dreadful fight !

*This is the hope that mitigates our doom,
And blunts the poison'd arrows of his might ;
That bids the victim bravely holla—“ Smite !”
While his glad soul, unshackling from her clay,
Big with importance, and in triumph dight,
Wings o'er the Almighty's path-way—lives in day,
And flouts with victor-smile the stern avenger's sway !*

*Who told me earth no smile of beauty wore ?
That here no flowers of bliss may ever bloom ?—
Well—let us turn and view the world once more,
I long to see this great Gomorrah's doom ?
*But, are none righteous ?—will the fire consume,
Nor slack devouring for good fifty's sake ?
Say forty ?—thirty ?—or to twenty come ?—
Nay, peradventure *ten* may save the wreck,
Appease Heaven's wrath, and turn the fiery deluge back ?*

*Ten ! say ye, Lot ?—well, here are number'd ten
Who worship not the idols of the land ;
Ten—ay ! and thrice ten thousand righteous men,
See 'neath their Saviour's silken banners stand !*

* Genesis, xviii. 24.

Behold how lovingly they, hand in hand,
On Life's far march move happily along !
Together link'd by love's endearing band,
Joy in each heart—each tongue enrich'd with song,
While Peace extends her wings wide o'er the heavenly
throng.

The world seems now Devotion's hallowed place,
Where men are walking in the fear of God :—
But where have vanish'd yon rebellious race,
I late beheld in Babel's dark abode ?
Whence hath the foul blasphemer gone abroad ?
The war-king and his followers, where are they ?
The tyrant and his desolating rod,
The red assassin, lurking for his prey,
The liar, thief, and all—whence have they bent their
way ?

Lo ! they have perish'd like the crackling thorn,
And shrunk to nothing in Religion's fire ;
The flood of light from her resplendent morn
Hath swept their dwelling from its site of mire ;
And, like the phoenix from her loathsome pyre,
Up from their dust new generations spring,

Who, with their body, spirit, and desire,
Their hearts an offering to high Heaven bring,
And build their happy homes beneath Salvation's wing.

But saw I not, in dull Misfortune's vale,
A group of mourners?—whither have *they* gone?
The man of Want, chill'd with her frosty gale—
And the sick heart long to Affliction known;
The weary pilgrim, ever wandering on
With clouds and tempests lowering o'er his head;
And Sorrow's children sighing sad and lone,
Or weeping o'er the unforgotten dead—
Such rank I lately saw—but whither have *they* fled?

Oh! now they've found relief from every woe,
And pitch'd their tents in Virtue's fair domain:
The poor man here has ample wealth, and lo!
No prince nor beggar e'er are heard complain;
The toil-worn pilgrim quits his load amain;
The suffering invalid shakes off distress;
The mourners see their dead revive again,
And rise from sleep their longing eyes to bless;
While all together live in harmony and peace.

Then tell me not of boundless sorrow now,
Say not there is no happiness below ;
I feel my heart grow merry, and my brow
Relax its wrinkles !—Hope with sunny glow,
Dispels the brooding mists of cloudy woe ;
And a fair Goshen greets my ravish'd sight ;
Peace and Contentment all their glories show,
Faith, Meekness, Love, and Temperance, unite ;
And the wide world becomes a Canaan of delight.

Oh ! that our hearts may ever follow those,
Who flaunt the banners of the Christian faith !
See ! how all gloriously that phalanx goes,
Blest while in life, and undismay'd at death !
See ! wafted gently by Religion's breath,
The barren earth a fruitful vineyard seems ;
The scene presents a paradise beneath,
With love and joy the whole creation teems,
And on my raptured sight one grand millenium beams !

Away with Fancy's dreams and fictions now !
This scene excels her worlds of loveliest bloom :
And well I know my BERTHA's blessed too,
To taste the sweetness of its rich perfume :—

Oh ! may its splendour still our souls illumine,
And true devotion in our hearts abound,
Till the great Dresser of the Vineyard come ;
Lest being barren and unfruitful found,
His sword shall cut us down as cumberers of the ground !

But have I tired thy patience—spent thy time—
Till Love itself is fain to be away,
By harping long the notes of serious rhyme,
To wile thy heart from Mirth's delusive sway ?—
Forgive me, BERTHA !—sooth I might be gay,
And smooth the song with adulations vain ;
But well thou know'st I scorn the Flatterer's lay,
Who barters Truth blind favour to obtain,
Or win some gaping fool to laud his worthless strain.

I might have talk'd of beauty, vowed of love,
And sported lightsomely at Folly's shrine—
Have praised thy charms all others' charms above,
And for thy goodness pictured thee divine :
But what avails the banquet and the wine,
When the poor prodigal hath spent his all ?
Alas ! he feeds upon the husks of swine,

And drinks of keen remorse the bitter gall—
No man to give him bread—no friend to mourn his fall !

'Tis surely better to endure a shower
A little portion of the summer day,
To wet the soil, and to refresh the flower,
Than bask for ever in the sunny ray,
Till foliage withers from the parched clay :—
Yes ! better leave earth's pleasures for a time,
And cast our load of worldly toys away,
The lightlier Zion's steepy mount to climb,
And reach perpetual joy upon her heights sublime.

Our home in Zion !—what desire we more ?
What more require of riches, honour, fame ?
Our home in Zion !—let the strain be o'er,
For this obtain'd, no farther goes its aim :
So high in hope I quit the pleasing theme.—
Come, BERTHA, haste we to that dwelling fair ;
The mean despiser may our choice disclaim,
And the rude mocker enmity declare,
But scorn, or sceptic's blame, shall ne'er molest us there.

And now, my loved one! that the King of Peace
May bend our hearts to his Almighty sway,
And richly clothe us with the robes of grace,
While here on earth ;—when call'd from earth awry,
That we may meet our Judge without dismay,
And ever with the great Redeemer dwell—
Shine in the realms of everlasting day,
And the eternal song of triumph swell—
Is my most fervent wish!—Sweet BERTHA, fare thee
well!

Miscellaneous Poems.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A DREAM.

"I had a dream which was not ALL a dream."—BYRON.

TWAS night's still noon---and gloomy Darkness spread
Her sable mantle o'er the face of heaven ;
No moon was in the sky, and the bright stars
Withheld their sparkling lustre ; the black clouds
That veil'd the sky, no scanty vista left
Through which the eye some heavenly orb might trace,
To tell there was a firmament. All still
And silent was, for Labour had retired
From busy toil, to rest in Morpheus' arms,
And Silence reign'd amid the awful gloom.

No wonted object met the cheerless eye,
Nor zephyr's breath, nor human voice was heard,
That might convince the almost doubting mind
That earth existed still. It seem'd as though
Sweet Life had changed her residence, and I
Had been forgotten when the earth was swept
Of every living being—or perchance,
I had been there a child of some strange birth,
Bred in the womb of Chaos! Thus alone,
Awhile I gazed on blackness: but at last
Dull Sleep drew slowly near, and safely lock'd
Bright Reason in her cell; then wandering Thought,
That never owns controul, had ample scope
To range about in Fancy's boundless space,
Where nothing seems impossible—and soon
Perceiving Sleep had bound the mortal part,
She spread her wings, and gladly soar'd away.

I dream'd a dream:—Methought the summer sun
Sublimely rose, with all his glorious light,
Diffusing gladness o'er the happy land,
And Nature smiled beneath his radiant glow.
I stood admiring, while the fragrant earth
Exhaled sweet clouds of odour, and the song

Which Nature's minstrels sung, thrill'd thro' my soul
Like electricity. But wondering thus,
I had not long remained t' enjoy the scene,
When some transporting spirit bore me up,
I thought half way to heaven, and placed me on
A lofty cloud, where, void of every fear,
I like some god look'd down upon the earth,
And view'd the ample landscape. The broad sea,
Like a vast lake of fire; in silence lay;
The woods and forests—the green fields and lakes—
The mountains—rivers—the abodes of men—
With one wide glance were all distinctly seen.
The husbandman toil'd in the field—the flocks,
And numerous herds on mountain and on lawn,
Fed on their blooming pasture all in peace,
While Time turn'd round his everlasting wheel.

I gazed a while upon the charming scene;
Which earth in all her loveliness displayed,
Till tired and sick with the excess of bliss:
Then turning up, to gaze upon the sky;
Those eyes already sated with delight,
The scene was changed, and soon new wonders follow'd.

For lo ! the trembling heavens were rift in twain,
And from a golden cloud, in glorious light,
A mighty angel came, whose visage seem'd
More dazzling bright than the meridian sun.
Descending down to earth, one foot he placed
Upon the sea, the other on the land ;
Then from his belt a brazen trump he took,
And blew a blast which filled the world with awe !
Then were the eyes of every living thing
Intently fix'd on him—none moved nor spoke,
Nor dared to look his fellow in the face,
But all stood silent, as if every heart
Were conscious of the dread impending doom.
'Twas but a moment thus men wondering stood,
For ere the echo of the trumpet's breath
Had died away among the caves of earth,
The great archangel raised his hand to heaven,
And sware by Him—by Him who lives forever,
That Time should be no more !

A sudden pause

That instant followed.—The bright sun stood still,
The rivers ceased to flow—the foaming cataracts,
As if congealed into the hardest rock,
Hung o'er the awful precipice sublime,

Unbroken and unmoved. All nature changed,
And in the transient twinkling of an eye
Destruction ruled the universe! The stars
Fell down from heaven—the moon became as blood,
And, with the sun, down to the earth was cast!
The world was in a blaze, and nought escaped:
The general conflagration: for the rocks,
The rocks of adamant, were melted down,
And blazed like goodly fuel. Burning mounts,
That had for ages awed the world, raked up
Their fiery entrails, and with tenfold rage
Belched forth their burning lava! But, ere long,
They fell to ashes in the general wreck
Of all created things; and heaven and earth,
And rocks, and seas, together soon became
One mass of fire, and like a troubled sea,
With horrid waves boil'd a tempestuous flame!
The dead came forth, who had for ages slept
In the cold cave of Death, and unconsumed
They walk'd amid the spacious world of fire!

Happy was I, methought, thus placed above
The reach of these dread flames; for on the cloud,
On which the seraph placed me, still I stood,
And viewed, unhurt, the mighty conflagration.

At last fear shook my limbs,—I turn'd me round
To look whereon my dubious safety stood,
When lo ! above the flaming gulf I saw
Legions of angels, with bright crowns of gold,
Descend from heaven, and range their glittering rows
Close on the burning world—and in the midst
A great white throne was set. Its splendor seem'd
To darken Light itself; and full in view
Of all the then assembled worlds it stood.
I knew 'twas it on which the ETERNAL sat,
For all the bright celestial hosts around,
Bow'd down before the throne, and Judgment there
Sate with the beam of Justice in his hand !
The books were open'd—and all heaven stood mute
And seem'd to listen, till the righteous Judge
Pronounced the general doom ! I gazed awhile
With fear and admiration. And at last,
I ventured to look up, to view the source
From whence the rays of such bright glory came,
That shone resplendent on the heavenly throng ;
But ah ! my godlike strength proved human still,
For ere mine eyes had caught one glimpse of Him
Who sat upon the throne, a sudden flash
Of piercing brightness from Omnipotence,

That instant smote me blind. It closed those eyes
That could have gazed unhurt upon the sun,
And seem'd to laugh at blindness! Sudden fear
Then seized my trembling soul—and shrinking back
In wild confusion from the vision'd scene,
I burst the bands of Sleep. My senses came;
My reason was restored, and soon I found
Myself on earth, all trembling in my couch;
I moved—I spoke—and found it was a Dream.

REFLECTIONS ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW YEAR.

“My song is sad, for I have heard
The steps of the departing year.”—LEYDEN

AGAIN triumphant Time hath winged his flight
Round the vast circle of another year;
And still, on pinions of immortal might,
He speeds the circuit of his swift career;
No foe so terrible—no friend so dear,
As mar his progress, or ensure his stay;

On, on he flies, the monarch of his sphere,
Resistless—reckless—boundless in his sway,
Unwearied—unrestrain'd—on, on he wings his way.

Go to, we'll scan the desolated path
O'er which the Conqueror hath bent his flight,
There, midst the woes of Life and wrecks of Death,
How brooks the heart that soul-confounding sight ?
There, in the mansions of eternal night,
How many much-loved friends are slumbering low !
Alas ! and how one little year can blight
The fondest hopes and dearest joys we know,
And wake, where Zephyr sigh'd, the whirlwind of our
woe.

Look o'er the wider range of human care,
Where Battle rages, or where billows swell,
How hath the hand of Time been busied there,
To people Heaven, or crowd the gates of Hell !
And let the groaning earth her millions tell,
All levell'd with one desolating sweep :
Distinction shrouded in Corruption's cell—
Ah, me ! how sound and peacefully they sleep,
Blent with the dust of death, in one promiscuous heap !

But why with heavy retrospect intrude,
When clamorous mirth is heard on every side?
Why rake Oblivion's settled solitude
For scenes Forgetfulness so fain would hide?
Come, throw your serious saddeing thoughts aside,
We'll hail the new-born year with merry lay;
Let light-wing'd Pleasure be alone our guide,
To chase the vexing cares of life away—
Sorrow will have her time—we'll shun her while we may.

Fill up the bowl! ye jovial sons of Mirth!
Fill up the bowl! and drink it—drink it deep;
Give to the bounding soul of Friendship birth—
To-morrow we can double vigils keep:
There is a time to laugh, as well as weep,
Then fill the bowl, and drain the social glass,
Till the drunk spirit staggers into sleep,
And her unshackled frame to all excess,
May revel, uncontroll'd, in one sweet hour of bliss!

The night has pass'd as blithe as did the day;
Another morning sun is beaming bright:
Awake, my friend, we'll yield to Pleasure's sway,
And follow on our course of tried delight:

What ! are you leagured with some damning sprite,
That shivering thus you droop your head so low ?
You seem'd in heaven but only yesternight—
Hast thou relapsed back to a world of woe,
As that blanched cheek of thine, and sunken eye would
show ?

You were the merriest at the merry ball,
And seem'd the happiest in the bright saloon;
The first and last to grace the festival ;
But how hath Sorrow found thee out so soon ?—
Alas ! I knew 'twas but the fiery noon
Of Drunkenness, that dazzled o'er the scene ;
And now thy sober'd soul hath left her swoon,
To find a sicken'd heart, and joyless mien,
And only minds the past, to wish it ne'er had been.

If that be all your pilfered happiness,
And this the woeful restitution be—
No forced affection, lavish'd to excess,
No jovial friend—no midnight bowl for me.
Out on your worthless dupes of Revelry !
Out on your joys that give to sorrow birth !
For sooth I hate that hidden blasphemy

That lurks beneath intoxicated earth,
To compromise the soul, for one wild hour of mirth.

Come down, thou red-eyed Bacchanalian god !
And chide me that my words have been unsmooth :
May I not hate the Drunkard's black abode ?
Yea, I will curse it in my heart forsooth ;
For I have seen the comely-favour'd youth,
Who once was blest 'neath Virtue's kind controul,
For him forsake the happy paths of Truth,
And, step by step, advance to Bacchus' goal,
Until the foul Archfiend had gain'd another soul.

But let them laugh—their time will come to mourn ;
And oh ! my heart is weary of the strain.—
Back to the haunts of Solitude I turn,
Back to the map of Memory again,
To cool the madness of a fever'd brain,
And stop the progress of a worthless lay :
Is it not foolishness to talk in vain ?
Or try to league with their besotted clay,
Whose ears are dull to hear, whose hearts are far away ?

"Tis surely wise to cast a look behind,
Where Memory spreads her catalogue of care—
Where Time and Fate, and Life and Death, combined,
The grandeur of Omnipotence declare !
What though our perish'd friends are scatter'd there,
We are no fools of Chance, that would repine,
For where the sword of Fate is oftest bare,
There heavenly Hope is beaming most divine,
As in the darkest cloud the bow will brightest shine.

And add we up the sum of grief below,
That makes this world a weary wilderness,
Will not the cumbrous load of human woe
Be far outbalanced with eternal bliss ?—
What say ye, Atheist ? Do ye sneer at this ?
Wilt thou presume to doubt the truth averred ?
Slink to thy hole, thou worm of nothingness !
Back to that chaos which thou hast preferred,
And rot ye with the beasts, eternally interred !

O Thou, Omnipotent ! with whom alone
Remains the full reward of Good and Crime,
In Virtue's path do thou preserve thine own,
Till call'd from earth to that celestial clime

Where, in thy courts immortally sublime,
With endless gratitude they'll hymn thy praise,
And shine triumphant o'er the wrecks of Time,
When Thou hast terminated years and days,
And wrapt thy million worlds in one almighty blaze!

STANZAS ON VISITING THE RUINS OF CARLAVEROCK CASTLE.*

ILLUSTRIOUS fortress! once the pride of kings,
What ancient splendour doth thy wreck display!
Still to thy walls some royal vestige clings
That shows the glory of thy former day;

* Carlawrock Castle stands in the parish of the same name, about nine miles south from Dumfries, on the north shore of the Solway Frith, between the confluence of the rivers Nith and Locher. This Castle is said to have been originally founded in the sixth century by Lewarch Ogg, son of Lewarch Hen, a famous British poet, and after him to have been called Caer Lewarch Ogg, which in the Gaffic signified the city or fortress of Lewarch Ogg—since corrupted to Caerleverock: but whether the word “Caer” was ever used to signify a fortress, is by some held questionable; and it does not appear there was ever any thing like a city founded on the spot alluded to.—Caerleverock Castle was the chief seat of the family of Maxwell, in the days of King Malcolm Canmore, as appears from an ancient pedigree of that family, in the possession of Captain Riddell of Glen-Riddell, F.S.A. wherein Eugia

But now, alas! thy strength must fade away,
 (Ah! reckless Time, what hast thou here been doing?)
 Yet thou art lovely even in decay,
 And while I stand thy hoary grandeur viewing,
 My soul is charm'd with thee—all hail, thou stately ruin!

Yes, still there is a princely look displayed
 In thy lone walls, and yet a noble mien ;
 What though thy former grandeur be decayed,
 In what thou art we see what thou hast been.

Maxwell, of Caerleverock, is said to have been at the siege of Alnwick with that King in the 26th year of his reign, A. D. 1097; it continued ever since in that family, till it passed by an heiress, Lady Winifred Maxwell, in marriage to Hagerston Constable, Esq. to whose family it now belongs.

Like most other buildings of the same kind, Caerleverock Castle has passed through a variety of fortunes, and appears to have been once re-built, and several times repaired. The present Castle, like the old one, is triangular, and surrounded by a wet ditch; it had a large round tower on each angle: that on the east is demolished; that on the western angle is called Murdoe's Tower, from Murdoe, Duke of Albany, having been confined there. The entrance into the Castle yard lies through a gate on the northernmost angle, machicolated and flanked by two circular towers. Over the arch of the gate is the crest of the Maxwells, with the date of the last repairs, and this motto, "I bid ye fair." The residence of the family was on the east side, which measures 123 feet. It is elegantly built, in the style of James VI. and has three storeys, the doors and window-cases handsomely adorned with sculpture; over those of the ground floor are the coats of arms and initials of the Maxwells, and the different branches of that family; over the windows of the second storey are representations of legendary tales; and over the third, fables from Ovid's Metamorphoses; and in the front is a handsome doocase leading to the great hall, which is 91 feet by 26. —Vide "Grainger's Antiquities of Scotland."

Delightful spot! how beautiful the scene
 Where chieftains dwelt—where now the raven dwells!
 Here all around are Nature's beauties seen ;
 Before—the tide of mighty ocean swells,
 Behind—the woods, the glens, the everlasting hills !

Ah me! how oft have heroes from afar
 With giant prowess strode these vales below,
 While the loud-pealing instruments of war
 Thundered destruction on the daring foe !
 But Time at last hath struck the final blow,
 And hushed to peace the warblings of the brave ;
 And now these lonely towers no discord know,
 But all is still, and peaceful as the grave,
 Save the far distant sound of Solway's dashing wave.

Majestic fabric ! there alone thou art,
 While those who have the imperial sceptre swayed,
 Who deem'd themselves more lasting than thou wert,
 Are buried in Oblivion's thickest shade ;
 The warrior too, in terror's form arrayed,
 Hath meekly fallen, as if he'd ne'er been tried
 In freedom's cause—the priest that often prayed

In wrapt devotion, slumber side by side,
And not a stone is seen, to tell they lived—and died.

Yes, they are gone, but thou'rt a palace still,
And in thy sad and desolate remains
All undisturbed the fowls of heaven dwell,
Nor rank nor precedence their honour stains;
The fleecy flocks that roam the flowery plains,
Within thy vaulted caverns freely stroll,
Where once the captive's spirit-bending chains,
(Who saw no day—beheld no planet roll)
Clank'd in the gloomy vault, that chill'd his manly soul.

But kings and subjects all alike must go
Down to the dust, from whence at first they came;
Palace and cottage both are humbled low
Together in the all-devouring flame,
Fed by corrosive Time—and scarce a name
They leave, to tell the anxious lookers back,
That it *has* been, and still *must* be the same,—
Through mightiest barriers Destiny will break,
Nor art nor wealth procure salvation from the wreck !

TOP OF CRIFFEL.*

Thy summit, old Criffel, at last I have gain'd,
But enjoyments are here like all others below ;
We must climb the proud steep, ere the heights be attain'd
Where the fountains of pleasure are destined to flow.

* Criffel is a lofty mountain situated at the south-east extremity of Galloway, rising 2044 feet above the level of the sea, and commanding a beautiful and most extensive prospect of the Solway Frith, and a great part of the coast of Cumberland. At the bottom of Criffel, on the north-east side, is Loch-Kindar—a fine sheet of water about two miles in circumference, and celebrated for the excellence of its trout. In the middle of this Loch is a small island, where the ruins of a parish church, or some such building, may still be traced ; and village tradition feigns or fables, that, on a clear day, the boys can still discern the remains of an ancient hamlet shining at the bottom of the water. A little beyond this stands New-Abbey, one of the finest ruins in the South of Scotland, together with the sweetly-rural village that bears the same name. This was a Cistercian Abbey, founded in the beginning of the 13th century by Devorgilla, daughter of Allan Lord of Galloway, niece to David, Earl of Huntingdon, and mother of John Balliol King of Scotland. Her Husband, John Balliol, Lord of Castle-Bernard, died in 1269, and Andrew Winter, Prior of Lochleven, informs us that the Lady Devorgilla caused his heart to be taken out and embalmed ; and putting it into an ivory box bound with enamelled silver, inclosed it solemnly in the walls of the church, near the high altar, from whence it was occasionally styled Sweetheart Abbey.—(See GROSE's Tour.) On the Newabbey side of Criffel, and in the very bosom of the surrounding heights, rises what is called the Glen-Hill—a hill of no inconsiderable altitude, but which appears quite diminutive when contrasted with the gigantic Criffel. In the year 1815, a few gentlemen residing in and about Newabbey, including the late and present minister, ROBERT JOHNSTONE, Esq. Mr STEWART of Shambelly, Mr RIDDELL of Kinharvey, &c. &c.

And now, on the mountain of mountains I stand,
On the throne of the clouds, in the midst of the ether,
And see, far below, the rich valleys expand,
And bleak Caledonia's blue mountains of heather.

How fair here to view the broad Solway asleep,
Where the ensigns of Commerce their gay sheets unfold,
All gliding serene o'er the face of the deep,
Which the sunbeams have changed to an ocean of gold !

The bright summer clouds, and the blue vaulted sky,
Reflect in the mirror a heaven entire,
That seems as if Fancy had drawn to the eye,
A magnificent scene, on a furnace of fire !

conceived the bold idea of crowning the Glen-Hill with a monument in honour of the Battle of Waterloo. The site chosen for such a structure of course added to the difficulty and expense of the undertaking; but in the art of overcoming difficulties the founders seemed to be animated with the spirit of those heroes whose prodigies of valour they wished to commemorate. In a few months, therefore, the Monument was completed, and now forms a pleasing addition to the romantic scenery of Newabbey. It is a fine spiral building, composed of white granite or moor-stone, with an appropriate inscription on the outside, and an internal winding staircase to its summit; and is the first Monument, of any description, that was erected in honour of the most important Battle in modern times.

I look at the foot of the mountain again,
Where the flocks, small as grasshoppers, feed on the lea,
And behold the broad lake—the delight of the scene,
Whose light waves are sparkling like gems of the sea.

But ah ! fair Loch-Kindar, though lovely thou art,
I leave all thy beauty without e'er a sigh ;
For thou smilest deceitfully—like a false heart—
A city engulph'd in thy bosom doth lie !

I turn, and the Abbey's vast ruins I view,
That once towered aloft in its grandeur sublime ;
But ah ! 'tis forsaken and desolate now,
A prey to the woeful destructions of Time.

Aye ! it is forsaken ;—the Cross is mislaid,
The candles burnt out, and the priests left the dome,
And the worshippers rest in the house of the dead—
The dust is their bed, and the grave is their home.

To a neighbouring mountain I now turn mine eye,
Where, piled on its summit, a pillar of Fame
Stands high and majestic, embracing the sky,
And “ Peace to the World” it seems to proclaim.

Hail ! Waterloo Monument !—gladly I turn
From the charms of the land, and the lake, and the sea,
To contemplate thy worth, while my bosom doth burn
To think of the valour recorded by thee.

And when generations to come shall be told
How their brave predecessors laid Tyranny low,
The young shall rejoice, and the breasts of the old
With fresh animation and vigour shall glow.

Farewell, lofty spire ! I must leave thee at last,
But with deep veneration from thee I depart ;
Long, long mayst thou brave the tornado's wild blast,
To record what is dear to the Patriot's heart.

And Criffel, farewell—for I'm now fully blest
With all the delights my ambition pourtrayed ;
And the toil I endured in ascending thy breast,
By the charms of the landscape is amply repaid.

Oh ! still may the land thou o'erlookest be free,
While a fountain shall spring, or a river shall flow ;
And may Friendship and Liberty, lofty as thee,
Be lasting and deep as the ocean below !

ON THE DEATH OF THE REVEREND JOHN DUNN.*

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yes, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—REVELATION, xiv. 13.

WHY hast thou vanish'd, thou Spirit of Light!
And left us, in darkness and sorrow, unblest?
Why hath thy sun, so resplendently bright,
In the zenith of glory sunk down to its rest?

* Of the late Mr JOHN DUNN, Minister of the Independent Chapel of Dumfries, it may be truly said, that a more pure, ploutous, and disinterested character never adorned the narrow sphere in which Providence had fixed his lot. In the world, the expression "Here lies an honest man," is sometimes regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of praise; but Mr DUNN was something more than this; yes, Reader, he was a CHRISTIAN—a term which, when properly applied and rightly interpreted, comprehends every degree of excellence that is compatible with human frailty. His talents, if not brilliant, were at least solid and useful; and in the pulpit nothing could exceed the mild tranquillity, and sober earnestness of his manner. Anxious only for the edification of his hearers, he indulged in no flowery and ambitious rhetoric; but his preaching possessed one quality which has often little connection with the most dazzling eloquence—*HIS HEART WAS IN HIS WORDS*. In private life Mr DUNN was every thing that is amiable and excellent; cheerful in his temper, and unobtrusive in his manners; anxious above all things to advance the interests of the Redeemer's Kingdom; and evincing in his own person a winning example of zeal without bitterness, and strictness without austerity. The human mind was the soil he delighted to cultivate, and the inhabitants of Dumfries are still profiting by the stimulus which his exertions gave to the whole system of charitable

And why hast thou chosen the cold house of death,
And the hollow, lone sound of a funeral knell,
For the love-kindling glow of Affection's warm breath,
And the greetings of brethren who loved thee so well ?

Ah ! thou answerest nothing !—profound is that sleep
That can hear no intruder, and knoweth no morrow !
And cold are those feelings that wake not to weep,
At the tears of distress, or the pantings of sorrow !

The dark pall of death hath enshrouded the heart,
That late with affection so fervently glow'd !
And mute is the voice that was wont to impart
The balm of relief, like an angel of God !

But thy spirit is gone to the mansions of bliss,
The seraph of Mercy hath ended thy woes ;
Nor the voice of a friend, nor the plaint of distress,
Shall wake thee again from thy lasting repose.

instruction. The sensation excited by his death—which happened on the 29th of February, 1820—among all ranks in this town, and the numerous and respectable band of mourners that followed his remains to the grave, fully proved that his worth was known and appreciated; and as far as regards his own congregation, it is not too much to say, that the members universally seemed to feel—the young as if they had lost an indulgent parent, and the old as if they had been bereft of a favourite child.

All loved thee sincerely—none whisper'd of blame ;
Thy heart and thine actions were pure and upright ;
And the orphan and helpless, thou wert unto them
Like a pillar of fire in the darkness of night.

How swift were thy feet in the message of Zion !
How bright were thy counsels—how meek thy control !
Thy tidings of peace, their rich blessings supplying,
Were life to the bosom, and light to the soul !

But thy voice, faithful Shepherd ! no more shall be hailed
In the midst of thy flock, at the folding of even ;
Nor the light of that Wisdom by thee be unveiled,
That beam'd to the heart with the glories of Heaven.

Yet tho' hush'd are those accents, and mute is that tongue
That sprinkled sweet dews on the vineyard of God,
The music shall thrill though the harp be unstrung,
And the Minstrel hath gone to his narrow abode.

Thy name, with our warmest affections enwove,
In the visions of Memory shall still be caressed,
And tears of regret, of remembrance, and love,
Like incense shall cover the place of thy rest.

But why should we weep at the Christian's decease ?
He reposes where sorrow shall visit him not—
He rests from his labours—he slumbers in peace—
In the land of forgetfulness all is forgot !

Then sleep on, blessed saint ! all thy trials are past ;
We mourn not thy fate, though thy loss we deplore,
For lo ! thou hast reach'd the glad Canaan of rest,
Where sickness and death shall assail thee no more.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

THE Sabbath School—delightful theme !
Oh, for a seraph's harp of gold,
To sweetly hymn that sacred name,
And all its heavenly worth unfold ;
For lo ! its charms, more fair and bright
Than tinselled worlds of Fancy's wand,
Come flooding o'er my raptured sight,
Like sunbeams, glorying all the land !

What do I see ?—I see not kings
In War's triumphal chariot hurl'd,
Applauded till the welkin rings,
For nobly slaughtering half the world :
I see nor lords, nor princes high,
With gorgeous robe, and glittering gem,
Nor splendid groups of Revelry—
No !—men have heard enough of them.

What do I see ?—I see the sun
Set mildly on a Sabbath even,
Ere yet the Church's song has done
With echoing through the vault of heaven ;
And wide o'er all the Christian land,
Where'er a hamlet's smoke is seen,
I mark, for purpose high and grand,
A host of infant souls convene.

They seek not wealth, nor Fame's abode,
No, no !—the young assembly meet
To learn the righteous laws of God,
And worship at their Saviour's feet ;
And hark ! through all the listening sky
Their heaven-taught anthem floats along,

While every breeze that wanders bye,
Sighs sweetly to their Sabbath song :—

“ ‘Tis Sabbath eve—and we have met
To learn the ways of peace and love ;
And we will ask, and we will get
A blessing from the God above :
And we will curse and swear no more,
Nor lie, nor swerve from Virtue’s rule,
But hate the sins we prized before,
And love the holy Sabbath School.

“ Ye parents, send your children here,
Nor slight a cause so great as this,
For Jesus bids your babes draw near,
And will ye keep them back from bliss ?
And fathers, come !—and mothers, come !
Who ne’er the Way of Life have known ;
For, journeying to our heavenly home,
The child shall lead the parent on !

“ And while we tread the flowery road
That leads to climes of endless day,

Come help us, all ye men of God,
Oh ! help us on our heavenly way.
Think not your love shall be unblest ;
The Eye that sleeps not marks your ways—
The bread ye on the waters cast
Shall feed you after many days.

“ For we from hand to hand will pass
The Word of Life—the Spirit’s Sword,
Till Babel cries “ Alas ! alas !”
And men begin to fear the Lord :
And soon, in pomp sublimely grand,
Will Virtue rule the hills and plains,
While Echo shouts through all the land,
The King—the King of Glory reigns !”

See ye what groups of lovely Youth
Are here redeem’d from Satan’s thrall,
That else had miss’d the way of Truth,
And Sin’s dark waves o’erwhelmed them all !
Is this no scene of triumph brave—
Is this no source of melting bliss ?
Oh ! if a world *one* soul could save,
Then would the cause of joy be less.

The Sabbath School—its fame shall rise
Till land to land its blessings tell.
While those who now the cause despise
Shall blush to find it prospers well.
The Sabbath School—but is there found
A man on earth to scoff its aim?
Is there a soul would dare to bound
Its widening power, and stretching fame?

Arise, ye friends of Virtue, then,
Nor longer fear the strife—the toil,
Arise, and 'quit yourselves like men,
For great will be the victor's spoil:
The hordes of Vice may muster well,
And Belial's idols crowd the road,
But they shall fall as Dagon fell,
And break before the Ark of God!

Talk not of Truth's unequal strife,
Though Sin's Goliath front his van;
Your Buckler is the Word of Life,
O Israel!—will ye quail for man?
No—whet your swords—arise and slay!
Your foes shall sink on mount and dell,

As when, on Midian's fated day,
The God-contemning thousands fell !

Who is for Heaven?—who is for Heaven?—
I see the sword of armies drawn !
But Zion's foes are backward driven,
And melt like mist before the dawn.
Who is for Heaven?—the fight abounds,
But Jacob's God will keep his vow ;
Hark, how the clang of battle sounds !—
Oh ! for the glorious triumph now !

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Saw ye that phalanx move solemn and slow
With the sleeper that ne'er shall awaken ?
Heard ye the loud lamentation and woe
That the sons of the mighty were making ?

How sadly sublime is the bugle's wild breath !
And how mournful the funeral train !

To prove that the Soldier is honour'd at death,
Though he fall not to sleep with the slain.

The helmet is vacant—the sable-clad horse
Is woefully drooping his head,
As if he were grieved for his rider's pale corse,
And wept o'er the bier of the dead !

And the sword that erst gleam'd in the glory of strife,
When the hosts were in terror arrayed,
Is still, as a thing that is robb'd of its life,
Or the arm which it never betrayed.

But 'tis o'er ;—he who stood amid thousands that fell,
Is a victim at last to the grave ;
The artillery's thunder is tolling his knell,
To hallow the tomb of the brave.

The shout of the battle no more shall awake him,
Nor the echo of Liberty's breath ;
For the camp and the field are forever forsaken—
He has sunk in the slumbers of death !

SONNET TO DEATH.

TRIUMPHANT King of Terrors ! why art thou
So stern and reckless 'mong the sons of men ?
Say wilt thou never, never have enow
To glut the depths of thy unfathomed den ?
Oh ! could we bribe thee with some glittering prize !
And yet, 'tis well none can thine arrows stay,
Else would the tyrant gladly sacrifice
Kingdoms and thrones, thy coming to delay.
All, all alike thou humblest in the dust—
The king is summon'd from his seat of pride,
The smiling infant from its mother's breast,
The blooming virgin from her lover's side !
And yet, O Death ! how weak is thy controul,
When we contrast the worth of body and of soul !

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

OH ! cradle me on thy knee, Mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last, as you fondly press'd
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast

For I saw a scene when I slumber'd last
That I fain would see again, Mamma,
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, Mamma,
And weep as you then did weep ;
Then fix on me thy glistening eye,
And gaze, and gaze till the tear be dry ;
Then roke me gently, and sing and sigh,
Till you lull me fast asleep, Mamma,
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dream'd a heavenly dream, Mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee ;
And I lived in a land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I would give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see, Mamma,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roam'd in a wood, Mamma,
And we rested us under a bough,
When near us a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,

But the night came on—I had lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do, Mamma,
And I knew not what to do !

My heart grew sick with fear, Mamma,
And loudly I wept for thee ;
But a white-robed maiden appear'd in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
As she kiss'd me softly ere I was aware,
Saying, “ Come pretty babe with me !” Mamma,
Saying, “ Come pretty babe with me !”

My tears and fears she quell'd, Mamma,
And she led me far away :—
We entered the door of a dark, dark tomb,
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom ;
Then open'd our eyes in a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day, Mamma,
And a sky of endless day !

And heavenly forms were there, Mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright ;
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed,
And wondering, around me I gazed and gazed,

While songs were heard, and sunny robes blazed
All-glorious in the land of light, Mamma,
All-glorious in the land of light!

But soon came a shining throng, Mamma,
Of white-wing'd babes to me ;
Their eyes look'd love, and their sweet lips smiled,
For they marvell'd to meet with an earth-born child,
And they gloried that I from the earth was exiled,
Saying, "Here ever blest shalt thou be, pretty babe?
Oh ! here ever blest shalt thou be!"

Then I mix'd with the heavenly throng, Mamma,
With cherubim and seraphim fair ;
And I saw, as I roam'd in the regions of peace,
The spirits who had come from this world of distress,
And theirs were the joys no tongue can express,
For they knew no sorrow there, Mamma,
For they knew no sorrow there !

Do you mind when sister Jane, Mamma,
Lay dead, short time agone ;
And you gazed on the sad, but lovely wreck,
With a full flood of woe that you could not check,

And your heart was so sore that you wish'd it would break,
But it lived, and you aye sobb'd on, Mamma,
It lived, and you aye sobb'd on.

But oh ! had you been with me, Mamma,
In the realms unknown to care,
And seen what I saw, you ne'er had cried.
Tho' they buried pretty Jane in the grave when she died,
For, shining with the blest, and adorn'd like a bride,
My sister Jane was there, Mamma,
Sweet sister Jane was there !

Do you mind of the silly old man, Mamma,
Who came late, late to our door,
When the night was dark, and the tempest loud ?—
Oh ! his heart was meek, but his soul was proud,
And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud
Ere the midnight watch was o'er, Mamma,
E'er the midnight watch was o'er.

And think what a weight of woe, Mamma,
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,
As the good man sate on Papa's old chair,
While the rain dipp'd down from his thin grey hair,

As fast as the big tear of speechless care
Ran down from his glazing eye, Mamma,
Ran down from his glazing eye !

And think what a heavenward look, Mamma,
Flash'd through each trembling tear,
As he told how he went to the Baron's strong-hold,
Saying, " Oh ! let me in, for the night is cold !"
But the rich man cried, " Go sleep on the wold,
For we shield no beggars here, old man !
We shield no beggars here !"

Well, he was in glory too, Mamma,
As happy as the blest can be ;
He needed no alms in the mansions of light,
For he mixed with the Patriarchs, clothed in white,
And there was not a seraph had a crown more bright,
Or a costlier robe than he, Mamma,
Or a costlier robe than he.

Now sing—for I fain would sleep, Mamma,
And dream as I dream'd before ;
For sound was my slumber, and sweet was my rest,
While my spirit in the kingdom of life was a guest,

And the heart that has throb'd in the climes of the blest
Can love this world no more, Mainma,
Can love this world no more!

THE MORN OF SPRING.

“These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good !
Almighty ! thine the universal frame.”—MILTON.

THE sable shades of gloomy night
Far round the nether world are driven,
And Morning's dazzling flood of light
Bursts o'er the canopy of heaven.

High in the vast infinite void,
There's nought to mar the boundless view,
Save now and then a fleecy cloud
That beautifies the heavenly blue.

Hush'd are the winter's angry storms,
The withering winds have passed away,
And Nature spreads her thousand charms
Before the lovely light of day.

The dewy fields are glittering bright,
On every spray the warblers sing ;—
Oh ! all Creation's works unite
To hail the smiling Morn of Spring !

The whispering zephyrs scarcely move
The pearly dew-drop, passing by ;
But steal a holy breath of love,
Soft as the gentle lover's sigh.

Emerging from the fragrant soil,
The opening flowers rise wildly gay,
And in the sunbeam's genial smile
Their infant loveliness display.

The blackbird whistles in the dell,
And through the wood his notes resound,
Sweet as the elfin harper's skill,
Within the realms of Vision found.

The little lark mounts up on high,
His morning orisons to sing,
And in the regions of the sky
He hails the lovely Morn of Spring !

Oh ! what a glorious sight to see
The power of Nature's high controul !
And what a depth of melody
Steals softly o'er the wondering soul !

For every thing, in sweet accord,
Awakes thy holy praise to sing,
Almighty King—Creation's Lord—
God of the lovely Morn of Spring !

WRITTEN ON SEEING A SHIP SAIL FROM
HARBOUR ON A FINE DAY.

THE tide is full—the sails unfurled—
And now the ship hath cleared the bay ;
And lightly o'er the watery world,
On snowy wings she glides away.

The sea and sky are calm and fair,
The wind and waves to rest have gone,

And, fluttering in the breathing air,
How gloriously she moveth on !

The heavens above reflect below,
A noontide sky all dazzling bright ;
While sparkling in the sunny glow,
The ocean seems a blaze of light.

And onward on her course sublime,
Now far from mountain, isle, and bay,
The stately bark, like fleeting time,
For ever moves away—away.

Till lessening in the distant view,
She seems a speck on ether borne,
Then melts amid the hazy blue,
Like dim star in the glow of morn.

Heaven speed thy course, thou happy bark !
While yet propitious is the gale ;
For soon may lower the tempest dark,
And soon the smiles of ocean fail.

My following spirit seems to be
A fellow-voyager of thine,

And owns a kindred love for thee,
So much thy path resembles mine.

Thy sea is calm—thy sky is bright ;
But shall the tempest sleep for aye ?
And will the murky clouds of night
No more eclipse the blaze of day ?

Ah ! oft the fearful storm will rise
From softest gales and sweetest air !
The thunder sleeps in fairest skies ;
The deep may smile—but death is there !

And oft like thee our path we find
Beset with unsuspected foes ;
For friends who seem at morning kind,
Prove often false ere evening's close.

Yet onward, through the changing scene,
Our bark glides ever o'er the sea ;
Till, far away, she melts within
The dim mists of Eternity !

SABBATH MORN.

THE sun is risen—and o'er the sky
A radiant stream of glory flows,
And 'heaven's own music' from on high
Awakes creation from repose;
And many a song of beings blest
Is heard from brake, and tree, and thorn,
To welcome in the day of rest—
The sacred, solemn Sabbath Morn.

With lovelier radiance o'er the world
The king of morning seems to roll,
While earth's fair robes are all unfurled,
To bless the heart, and calm the soul :
And milder beams the tinselled cloud,
And softer hues the skies adorn,
As if instinctive Nature bowed
With reverence, to the Sabbath Morn.

But see—to whom the scene is dear—
The pious Christian walks abroad,
To mark the wonders of our sphere,
And ponder on the works of God :

"Tis he—for whom the loveliness
Of nature's smile is still upborne,
"Tis he can taste the sacred bliss
That sanctifies the Sabbath Morn...

In joyful thought his mind is led
Far through the shades of ages past,
When many a patriarch eye surveyed
With joy, the dawning day of rest ;
When songs of praise were to the skies
On clouds of smoking incense borne,
And many a holy sacrifice
Perfumed the dawn of Sabbath Morn.

Or when the blessed era came,
(Till then but darkly understood)
That saw the altar's blazing flame
Extinguish'd with Immanuel's blood ;
When He who slept on death's cold bier,
Rose from the grave with power unshorn,
And welcomed patriarch, saint, and seer,
To hail the third day's Sabbath Morn.

How dear unto the good man's heart
The sweet remembrance of that day !

A solemn joy it doth impart,
And charms his worldly cares away ;
To him a hallowed bliss is given
His soul with meekness to adorn,
While at the golden gates of heaven
He hails the dawn of Sabbath Morn.

Oh ! to unlock their pearly bars,
The fountain-head of Bliss to find !
To glance like lightning through the stars,
And leave this nether world behind !
To mix with that celestial throng,
Whose light is Joy's unfading ray,
And join the ever-blissful song
Of an eternal Sabbath Day !

THE HARVEST MOON.

ALL hail ! thou lovely Queen of Night,
Bright Empress of the starry sky !
The meekness of thy silvery light
Beams gladness on the gazer's eye,

While from thy peerless throne on high,
Thou shonest bright as cloudless noon,
And bid'st the shades of darkness fly
Before thy glory—Harvest Moon !

In the deep stillness of the night,
When weary labour is at rest,
How lovely is the scene !—how bright
The wood—the lawn—the mountain's breast,
When thou, fair Moon of Harvest ! hast
Thy radiant glory all unfurled,
And sweetly smilest in the west,
Far down upon the silent world.

Dispel the clouds, majestic Orb !
That round the dim horizon brood,
And hush the winds that would disturb
The deep, the awful solitude,
That rests upon the slumbering flood,
The dewy fields, and silent grove,
When midnight hath thy zenith viewed,
And felt the kindness of thy love.

Lo ! scattered wide beneath thy throne,
The hope of millions, richly spread,

That seems to court thy radiance down,
To rest upon its dewy bed :
Oh ! let thy cloudless glory shed
Its welcome brilliance from on high,
Till hope be realized—and fled
The omens of a frowning sky.

Shine on, fair Orb of Light ! and smile
Till Autumn months have passed away,
And Labour hath forgot the toil
He bore in Summer's sultry ray :
And when the reapers end the day,
Tired with the burning heat of noon,
They'll come with spirits light and gay,
And bless thee—lovely Harvest Moon !

SONG OF TWILIGHT.

THE sun is away, and the fragrant grove
Is drinking the sweets of the gloaming dew,
Come hasten and shine, thou star of Love,
Thou prettiest gem of the cloudless blue ;

And wake your music, ye warblers gay;
The earth is blooming—the skies are calm,
Awaken and sing your vesper lay,
While the flowery valleys are breathing balm.

See, see ! she comes, the Star of Even !
Hark, hark ! the music that fills the grove !
Now, mortals, come hither and taste of heaven,
Come feast on beauty, and mirth, and love.
They come, they come !—each bright-eyed maid
With cheek outvieing the dew-bathed rose ;
And the love-sick youth, to the trysted shade,
See, see, like a bounding hart he goes !

Now, weary Labour, away to sleep,—
Ye look not well in the Twilight blue,
Away—and your faith with Morpheus keep,
The drowsy monarch awaits for you :
He goes, he goes to his sound repose,
(Sweet be his dreams in the midnight spell !)
And nothing is heard in the evening's close,
But the whisper of love, and the warbler's swell.

But why does Strephon so lenely come ?—
He waits for Iris you need not doubt me ;

O Iris ! come hither with him to roam,
For nothing can gladden his heart without thee.
See, yonder she comes, dear youth !—away,
And get thee hold of her milk-white hand,
Or the fairies will think her a sister fay,
And bear her afar to the elfin land !

And where have ye wandered, Apollo's sons ?
Come hither !—the Muses on flower and tree,
Are wasting their sighs, like lonely nuns,
With never a man their charms to see :
Come hasten, no longer they'll wait for you—
See how they are yielding to Music's call !
The merle weds one, and the nightingale two ;
Oh ! come, or the birds will espose them all !

They meet—the Muse and the laurelled swain,
To picture each charm, and number each sigh,
And scatter fresh roses o'er grove and plain,
And tinsel each cloud in the tranquil sky.
And all is happiness, joy, and peace,
My summer-clad valleys and bowers among,
And innocent pleasure, and harmless bless,
And beauty, and love, and mirth, and song !

Now tarry, old Time!—from the eve of bliss
 Oh, why should ye haste to an unknown morrow?
Come rest thee a while;—if the journey press,
 Then double thy speed in an hour of sorrow:
Alas, alas! he slacks not his pace,
 But ever goes merrily, merrily on,
Till darkness lowers, and the birds in their bowers
 Are hushing their melodies one by one.

And see! the shadows still darker lower,
 And hark! the curfew knell is rung;
The monks have chaunted eve-service o'er,
 And the nuns their vesper anthems sung!
'Tis Night, 'tis Night!—I fly from his sight,
 As a virtuous maiden flies from Guile;
His rosy bowers, and his dew-bathed flowers,
 I scorn them all till the Morning smile.

So hasten, ye lovers, in homeward flight,
 Away, if you wish to be kind and true;
For Beauty oft strays in the shades of night,
 And drowns young Love in the midnight dew.
Still fly, like me, from the Darkness dim—
 And what when your slumber is sound and long?

Oh, then you shall wake to a Morning hymn,
That doubles the bliss of the Evening song!

THE STORM.

'Tis morning—and slowly emerging from rest,
The twilight of day with the darkness is blending,
And far in the unclouded sky of the east,
The Monarch of Light is sublimely ascending ;
What though the bleak Tyrant of Winter again
Hath spread desolation o'er hill and o'er plain,
And bound in his fetters the streamlets below,
And mantled the hills in a garment of snow,
Yet the sky is serene—and the lake, and the rill,
In the damask of winter are beautiful still ;
And the graces of Nature, below and above,
As if join'd in the union of friendship and love,
Seem wooing, caressing, and breathing a sigh,
The sky to the earth, and the earth to the sky,
Each happy to furnish a scene of delight,—
While the Sun, like a god, in his glory and might,

Through an empire of boundless immensity driven,
In majesty scales the blue concave of heaven,
And unveiling to all his celestial grandeur,
Encircles the earth with the glow of his splendour !

'Tis mid-day—but see ! all the glory is gone,
That late so bewitchingly sparkled and shone !
The transient glimpse of effulgence is past,
The clouds are condensed, and the sky is o'ercast,
And envious Winter, that seem'd for a while
To cherish repose, and indulge in a smile,
Afraid of mild Summer usurping his reign,
Hath braced on his terrible armour again !

Now suddenly starting in fitful commotion,
The mountains of vapour arise from the ocean,
And swift with the tempest ascending on high,
In the shade of their gloominess, darken the sky,
Then gathering closely, romantic'ly form
The abode of destruction—the place of the Storm ?
Hark ! how the wild tempest is sallying forth,
Like a merciless flood, o'er the desolate earth,
The cottage unroofing, the huge oaks up-tearing,
And high o'er the vast desolation careering,

It shakes the broad pillars of strength to the ground,
And scatters the wreck of destruction around !
The storm is increasing—and wildly contending,
The elements all in confusion are blending ;
See ! far thro' the gloom, the red flash of the lightning
The sable expanse of the heavens is brightning,
While, in awful conjunction, the thunder and hail,
Are heard in the bellowing voice of the gale ?
The stream, late in Winter's habiliment bound,
Hath started in haste from its slumber profound,
And bounding o'er bank and o'er bulwark again,
Resistless and rapid sweeps down to the plain,
Till o'er some high precipice breaking asunder,
It bellows below like the bursting of thunder ;
Then hastening down to the watery zone,
In the pride of defiance sublimely moves on,
Till the work of the frost-king that belted the river
Is plunged in the depths of the ocean forever !

Alas for the morning !—how soon it hath gone
And left all the objects it glitter'd upon !
Ah ! scarce had the smile of the unclouded sky
Shed a bliss to the soul and a charm to the eye,
Till the storm was awaken'd—and fearful surprise
Surrounded the heart that forgot to be wise !

Methinks it is thus with the winter of Life,
So short its repose, and so lasting its strife ;
For the dawn of the morning hath scarce shed a ray,
That the soul and the eye could repose on for aye,
Till the magical halo that circles our head
Has vanished—love, friendship, and happiness fled !
Then, alas ! the fond heart that made joy its devotion,
Is whelm'd in the gulph of Adversity's ocean,
With storms, and with tempests encompass'd around,
Nor one ray of delight cheers the gloomy profound,
Till Death, in the blackness of darkness arrayed,
Shall silence the tumult that nature hath made.

But as the fair morning, all glorious and bright,
Enrobed in the beauty of lustre and light,
Shall burst through the darkness, and scatter the gloom,
So Eternity's morning shall dawn on the tomb ;
And blessed is he, though his sky be o'ercast,
Whose patience and faith shall endure to the last,
For the Star of his Hope, in a happier zone,
Shall rise when his sun of existence is gone.

THE VISION.

Why dost thou haunt my slumbers still,
Sweet vision of the land above !
Why dost thou press me to fulfil
The pledges of my former love ?
Nay, ask me not, my wayward mind
Is loath to leave the world behind.

Ha ! dost thou ope mine eyes to see
The splendour of thy proffer'd bliss ?
Sweet Spirit ! hide thy face from me,
Unveil not all thy loveliness !
That sparkling stream of heavenly light
Too glorious is for mortal sight.

I thought the brightness of thy face
Could ne'er exceed the solar glow ;
And that thy robes of righteousness
Were only like the mountain snow ;
But lo ! the lustre of thine eyes
Outshines the blaze of summer skies !

Seest thou this timid heart of mine,
That trembles though a friend be near ;
This breast, where human woes combine,
This eye that still can drop a tear ;
How, thinkest thou, could I endure
The presence of a form so pure ?

Ah, beckon not ! I cannot come
To dwell for ever in thy sight ;
Thy folding arms would be my tomb,
Thy smile would kill me with delight !
The brightness of thy shining dress
Would but reveal my wretchedness.

How could I scan the boundless space,
Thy home of blessedness to find ?
How could I live in thy embrace,
Or follow thee on wings of wind ?
The very music of thy breath
To me would ring the knell of death !

But stay, till on this form of mine
The last and awful change is wrought,

Then, on the wings of love divine,
I'll reach thee with the speed of thought;
And share with thee, in climes of bliss,
The beauty of thy holiness.

Oh ! visit still my path beneath,
Sweet Spirit! come, and come again,
Till I have crossed the sea of death,
And mixed with thy celestial train;
Oh ! then, in endless bliss above,
We'll drink the sweets of angel love !

THE EXECUTION.

THE morning dawned—the darkness waned away,
And robed in light uprose the king of day;
The shadows vanish'd from the misty lawn,
Where cot and flock disclosed the cheering dawn;
All Nature, gladdened with returning light,
Shook off the drowsy apathy of night,
And soon as twilight's dusky hues were gone,
The great machinery of life went on.—

The hardy hind, with renovated strength,
And ballad tedious as the furrow's length,
Resumed the wonted labours of the day,
And sang the burden of his toils away ;
Or to his tardy team bespoke command,
And raised his threatening voice—but lenient hand,
While Echo started from her caverned rock,
And muttered vengeance as the hero spoke :
The lowing herd that grazed the neighbouring hill,
And noisy poultry dabbling in the rill,
In hoarse concordance spoke the dawn of day,
While Silence heard the sound, and fled away :
The sky-lark sweetly tuned his morning song,
Imparting joy to Labour's busy throng ;
And the gay minstrels of the bushy brake,
Roused by the sunbeams gleaming on the lake,
Perch'd high on bending bough and pearly thorn,
And join'd the wide hilarities of morn.—
Thus gay and sweet the moments twinkled by,
With mirth on earth, and music in the sky ;
All hearts seem'd happy 'neath the scope of heaven,
Pleased with the good kind Providence had given,
For all look'd lovely to the eye and soul—
While Time, the grand spectator of the whole,

Advantage taking of a scene so gay,
Unheard, unnoted, swifter stole away.

But there was *One* from whom nor earth, nor sky,
Nor aught that cheers the soul or charms the eye,
Received *one* welcome smile;—no earthly *bliss*
Could reach his heart in its far loneliness,
Nor sight, nor sound, dispel that load of care
That filled his breast, and brooded darkly there:
The morn was lovely—but no cheering ray
Beam'd in the gloomy dungeon where he lay;
The birds sang sweetly—but they sang in vain,
For louder was the clanking of his chain;
The sun shone brightly—but his eyes were dim,
A gallows darkened all the scene to him,
While fell despair o'erwhelmed his sullen soul,
And death's tremendous gloom lowered o'er the whole!

And fast the hour approaches, wretched man!
When thou must finish thy self-measured span,
For ere yon sun has shut the gates of light,
Thine eyes must close in everlasting night!
The scene of death already is displayed,
The awful preparations all are made;

The gathering throng crowd thick and fast to see
That dreadful drama, soon perform'd by thee;
The very skies seem wrapt in clouds of gloom,
And heaven and earth shrink to behold thy doom.

Now see him mounted on the scaffold high,
Death on his lip, and frenzy in his eye !
On his pale brow is pictured wan despair,
And all he motions is an idiot stare,
As if his spirit hence had wing'd her way,
Ere yet warm life had left the soulless clay.

Ah ! hapless mortal ! what the cursed cause
That prompted thee to break thy country's laws—
To banish virtue from thy heart's desire,
And risk the vengeance of eternal fire ?—
Was it to deck thyself in garments gay,
And high caparison a lump of clay ?
To taste the sweets of bacchanalian joy ?
Or buy some loving paramour a toy ?
Poor fool ! will happiness like this have power
To quell thy fears in death's alarming hour ?
If thought on now 'twill but increase thy smart,
And crush the fragments of a broken heart.

Do yet survive thy aged parents dear?
The trying scene how shall their spirits bear!
That worst of woes must haunt their path beneath,
That mocks existence with a living death.
Or hast thou loving relative and friend?
How will they brook thy ignominious end?
Their last resource is to disown thy name,
And hide their faces in the dust of shame.

But now the Church solemnities are past,
The dreaded moment has arrived at last;
And oh! howe'er the feeling heart be tried,
Offended justice must be satisfied.—
But why so slow to expiate thy crime?
Why linger—linger—on the verge of time?
Why wildly gaze, and gaze, on all around,
As if some ransom meet might yet be found?
Thy doom is fixed—thou must not tarry long;
The Law is just, and Judgment's hand is strong!
Then drop the signal—get thee hence away,
Though Mercy spare, yet Justice holds the sway;
And one short hour, whate'er thy fate may be,
Will make eternity no less to thee.

'Tis done!—the signal of his fate is given,
His body sinks, his soul from earth is driven;
Weak nature shrinks with strange convulsive start,
When the cold blood is curdling at his heart!
One silent gasp—one little struggle more,
And all the dread catastrophe is o'er!

THE ORPHAN.

My mother's in her narrow bed,
My sire sleeps by her side,
My friends—relations—all are fled,
Behind—before—around—is spread
Misfortune's angry tide!

Ere yet my breast was taught to know
Affliction's sullen gloom,
The languid grief, or pining woe,
That fast in close succession flow,
To sweep us to the tomb;

And ere the cares of life combined
My little heart to move,
Then pitying Charity was kind,
And round my 'baby brow' she twined
A wreath of sacred love.

But now I'm cast upon the world,
An Orphan, here below;
On me stern Misery's storms are hurl'd,
And Sorrow's banners are unfurl'd
Above the child of woe !

Bright Fashion's pomp, and Beauty's beam,
On every side I see,
Pass by me, like a fairy dream,
And sailing down sweet Pleasure's stream,
All—all seem blest but me.

But weep not for me, ye who've felt
Affection's kindling glow,
Ye who to kind compassion melt,
For those who have forever knelt
Before the shrine of Woe.

For though my parents both have gone
With sister souls to blend,
And on the earth I'm left alone,
Companionless—there still is ONE,
My Father, and my Friend.

And what is life?—'tis but a day,
A momentary scene,
From which I soon must pass away,
And in my silent house of clay,
Be as I ne'er had been!

And though to mark my narrow bed
No sculptured stone be given,
I'll sleep as soundly with the dead
As those with honours on their head,
If I am blest in heaven.

Then with Misfortune here beneath,
A war I'll never wage;
For though I tread a barren heath,
Soon, soon the welcome hand of Death
Shall end my pilgrimage.

THE WITHERED TREE.

"There's nothing true but heaven."—Moore.

AH ! Withered Tree, I've lately seen,
Thy stately form in beauty growing,
When through thy leaves and branches green
The summer winds were gently blowing ;
Oh, oft I've made thy boughs a bower,
To shield me from the sun or shower,
When nature bloomed, all fair and bright,
Like Fancy's visions of delight,
And thou, majestic Tree ! didst stand
The beauty of her fairy land.
And oft, at twilight, have I stray'd
To muse beneath thy solemn shade,
When earth, in Flora's richest dress,
And evening's tranquil loveliness,
And heaven's pure arch of azure blue,
Were mild and lovely to the view ;
I've heard the little birds above
Pour forth their mellow lays of love,

And mix the balmy breeze of even
With songs of innocence and heaven ;
While all around, in earth and sky,
That pleased the ear, or charmed the eye,
Combined their beauties to impart
A tranquil pleasure to my heart :—

But ah ! the contrast see !
Stern winter's chilling blasts have blown,
The songs are hush'd—the birds are gone,
And now the tempest's dreary moan

Wails through the Withered Tree !

Oh ! thus I've seen the Tree of Love,
In Beauty's vale, once fair to view,
While sweetly in the scented grove,
The fragrant flowers of Friendship grew,
The showers that wet its balmy bed,
Were tears which mutual kindness shed ;
Its zephyrs, the warm bosom's sighs ;
Its sunbeams, light from Beauty's eyes ;
And the bright sky that smiled above
Was lighted with the gems of Love.
Oh, I have sat beneath this tree,
When life's young summer smiled on me,

And wreathed the roses round my head
That grew beneath its pleasing shade,
While time, unheeded, pass'd away
As cheerful as the smiling day :—
'Twas then the voice of kindness stole
Like melting music o'er my soul,
And every object of delight
Still grew more fair, and shone more bright,
Till my fond heart believed that Tree
Could never lose its charms to me.
But ah ! when most its sweets inspired,
When most beloved, and most admired,
(Though mid-day saw it in its pride),
Before the evening came—it died !
The flowers of Friendship all decay'd,
The showers forsook its balmy bed,
And fragrant zephyrs ceased to move
The green leaves of the Tree of Love,
That left no shade for me ;
Each beauty faded one by one,
Till every blooming trace was gone,
And Love, once fair to look upon,
Is now a Withered Tree !

Ah ! why should mortals thus caress
A flower to-day, that fades to-morrow,
And prize a sunny sky of bliss
That only brings the storms of sorrow ?
The brightest cloud that tints the sky
With lovely hues of crimson dye,
And glads the wanderers of the vale,
Must vanish with the passing gale ;
The sweetest flower that decks the lea
In summer months, so fair to see,
Though loved and fondled to the last,
Must perish in the autumn's blast.
Oh ! thus each little flower of bliss,
From which we look for happiness,
Blooms fair a while in Fancy's ray,
Then droops—and falls—and fades away :
And bright-eyed Hope's enchanting smile,
And Fancy's fay-wove charms of guile,
Melt like the golden tints of even
That streak the azure vault of heaven,
And leave no trace behind to tell,
That e'er they bound or broke the spell !
But stern experience teaches lore—
I'll trust to Flattery's smiles no more ;

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Each beauty faded one by one,
Till every blooming trace was gone,
And Love, once fair to look upon,
Is now a Withered Tree !

Ah ! why should mortals thus caress
A flower to-day, that fades to-morrow,
And prize a sunny sky of bliss
That only brings the storms of sorrow ?
The brightest cloud that tints the sky
With lovely hues of crimson dye,
And glads the wanderers of the vale,
Must vanish with the passing gale ;
The sweetest flower that decks the lea
In summer months, so fair to see,
Though loved and fondled to the last,
Must perish in the autumn's blast.
Oh ! thus each little flower of bliss,
From which we look for happiness,
Blooms fair a while in Fancy's ray,
Then droops—and falls—and fades away :
And bright-eyed Hope's enchanting smile,
And Fancy's fay-wove charms of guile,
Melt like the golden tints of even
That streak the azure vault of heaven,
And leave no trace behind to tell,
That e'er they bound or broke the spell !
But stern experience teaches lore—
I'll trust to Flattery's smiles no more ;

For I have tasted Pleasure's cup,
And drunk her nectar chalice up,
But ah! I found that even there
The bitter dregs of Sorrow were.
But should Deceit, with witching art,
E'er try again to fix my heart
 On joys that cannot be—
Or Friendship false my steps pursue,
Or fickle Love her sweets renew,
To make my heart believe them true,
 I'll mind the Withered Tree.

FINIS.







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